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THE LARGER

TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

By the kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co. and W. Aldis Wright, Esq., the text here used is that of the "Cambridge" Edition. In the present issue of the "Temple Shakespeare" the Editor has introduced some few textual changes; these have been carefully noted in each case.

Henry VIII.

From a picture in the National Portrait Gallery

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME EIGHT

FAMOUS HISTORY OF
THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY VIII.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
THE TRAGEDY
OF CORIOLANUS

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

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FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII.

Preface.

The First Edition. '*The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth*' was printed for the first time in the First Folio. There was no Quarto edition of the play.

The text of the play is singularly free from corruptions; the Acts and Scenes are indicated throughout;* the stage-directions are full and explicit.† Rowe first supplied, imperfectly, the Dramatis Personæ.

Date of Composition. *Henry the Eighth* was undoubtedly acted as '*a new play*' on June 29th, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe Theatre on that day. The evidence on this point seems absolutely conclusive :—

(i.) Thomas Lorkin, in a letter dated "this last of June" 1613, referring to the catastrophe of the previous day, says: "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII.*, and their shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire catch'd," etc.

(ii.) Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on July 2nd, 1613, tells how the Globe was burnt down during the performance "of a new play, called *All is True*,‡ representing some principal pieces of the reign of

* Except in the case of Act V. Scene iii., where no change of scene is marked in the folio. "*Exeunt*" is not added at the end of the previous scene, but it is quite clear that the audience was to imagine a change of scene from the outside to the inside of the Council-chamber. The stage-direction runs :—'A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the state,' etc.

† The lengthy stage-direction at the beginning of Act V. Sc. v. was taken straight from Holinshed; similarly, the order of the Coronation in Act IV. Sc. i.

‡ *Cp.* Prologue to *Henry VIII.*, ll. 9, 18, 21 :—

'*May here find truth.*'

. . . . . .

'*To rank our chosen truth with such a show.*'

. . . . . .

'*To make that only true we now intend.*'

The second name of the play may very well have been a counterblast to the title of

Henry the 8th. . . . Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry,* some of the paper, and other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch," etc.

(iii.) John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood (*vide* Winwood's *Memorials*), dated July 12th, 1613, alludes to the burning of the theatre, 'which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play).'

(iv.) Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle* (1615) says that the fire took place when the house was 'filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the 8.'

(v.) Ben Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, refers to 'that cruel strategem against the Globe.'

'*The fort of the whole parish,*
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
And razed; ere thought could urge this might have been!'†

Internal evidence seems to corroborate this external evidence, and

Rowley's Chronicle History of *Henry 8th*, "*When you see me, you know me*" and perhaps also of Heywood's plays on Queen Elizabeth, "*If you know not me, you know no body.*" It is possible that both Prologue and Epilogue of *Henry VIII.* refer to Rowley's play, 'the merry bawdy play,' with its 'fool and fight,' and its 'abuse of the city.'

'*When you see Me*,' was certainly 'the Enterlude of K. Henry VIII.' entered in the Stationers' Books under the date of February 12, 1604 (-5), which has sometimes been identified with Shakespeare's play.

It is noteworthy that the play, first published in 1605, was re-issued in 1613. The same is true of the First Part of Heywood's play. This play of Heywood's called forth the well-known prologue, wherein the author protested

"*That some by stenography drew*
The plot: put it in print: scarce one word trew."

Similarly, *the Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, originally printed in 1602, was re-issued in 1613 with the mendacious or equivocal statement on the title-page, "*written by W. S.*"

We know from Henslowe's Diary that there were at least two plays on Wolsey which held the stage in 1601, 1602, "*The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey*," by Munday, Drayton & Chettle, and '*Cardinal Wolsey*,' by Chettle.

An edition of Rowley's play, by Karl Elze, with Introduction and Notes, was published in 1874 (Williams & Norgate).

* *Vide* Act I. Sc. iv. 44-51, with stage direction :—'*Chambers discharged.*'

† There were also several 'lamentable ballads' on the event; one of them, *if genuine*, is of special interest, as it has for the burden at the end of each stanza :—

"*O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!*
And yet it all is true!"

The fifth stanza is significant :—

"*Away ran Lady Catherine,*
Nor waited out her trial."

to point to *circa* 1612 as the date of *Henry VIII* The panegyric on James I., with its probable reference (V. v. 51-3) to the first settlement of Virginia in 1607, and to subsequent settlements contemplated in 1612 * (or to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine which took place on 14th February 1613), fixes the late date for the play in its present form.

Some scholars have, however, held that it was originally composed either (i.) towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or (ii.) at the beginning of the reign of her successor. Elze attempted, without success, to maintain the former supposition by eliminating (as later additions) not only the references to King James, but also the scene between Katharine and the Cardinals, and most of Katharine's death-scene, so as to make the play a sort of apology for Henry, a glorification of Anne Boleyn, and an apotheosis of Elizabeth.† Hunter held the latter view, discovering *inter alia* that the last scene was 'to exhibit the respect which rested on the memory of Elizabeth, and the hopeful anticipations which were entertained on the accession of King James.'‡

At all events no critic has attempted to regard the great trial-scene as a later interpolation, and this scene may therefore be taken to be an integral part of Shakespeare's work; it is a companion picture to the trial in *The Winter's Tale*; Hermione and Katharine are twin-sisters, "queens of earthly queens"§; and indeed the general characteristics, metrical and otherwise, of this and other typically Shakespearian scenes, give a well-grounded impression that the two plays belong to the same late period, and that we probably have in *Henry VIII.* 'the last heir' of the poet's invention. "The opening of the play," wrote James Spedding, recording the effect produced by a careful reading of the whole, "seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner: the same

(*Vide* Collier, *Annals of the Stage*.) The authenticity of the ballad is most doubtful.

Halliwell doubted the identity of *All is True* and Shakespeare's play, because he found a reference in a ballad to the fact that '*the reprobates . . . prayed for the Foole and Henrye Condye*,' and there is no fool in the play, but the ballad does not imply that there was a fool's part.

* A state lottery was set up expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia in 1612.

† *Vide Essays on Shakespeare by Professor Karl Elze* (translated by L. Dora Schmitz); *cp.* German *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1874. Collier held a similar theory, which numbers many advocates among the old Shakespearians—*e.g.* Theobald, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, etc.

‡ *New Illustrations to Shakespeare*, II. 101.

§ *v.* Mrs Jameson's comparative study of the two characters, and her enthusiastic appreciation of Katharine as "the triumph of Shakespeare's genius and his wisdom."

close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated."* But the magical touch is not found throughout the play

Authorship of the Play. As early as 1758, in Edward's *Canons of Criticism* (sixth edition), Roderick called attention to the following peculiarities in the versification of Henry VIII.:—(i.) the frequent occurrence of a redundant syllable at the end of the line; (ii.) the remarkable character of the cæsuræ, or pauses of the verse; (iii.) the clashing of the emphasis with the cadence of the metre. The subject received no serious attention for well-nigh a century, until in 1850 Mr Spedding published his striking study of the play, wherein he elaborated a suggestion casually thrown out 'by a man of first-rate judgment on such a point' (viz., the late Lord Tennyson), that many passages in *Henry VIII.* were very much in the manner of *Fletcher*. Basing his conclusions on considerations of dramatic construction, diction, metre, and subtler æsthetic criteria, he assigned to Shakespeare Act I. Sc. i., ii.; Act II. Sc. iii., iv.; Act III. Sc. ii. (to exit of the King); Act V. Sc. i., and all the rest of the play to Fletcher (though, possibly, even a third hand can be detected).†

Shakespeare's original design was probably 'a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII., which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church.' He had carried out his idea as far as Act III., when his fellows at the Globe required a new play for some special occasion (perhaps the marriage of Princess Elizabeth); the MS. was handed over to Fletcher, who elaborated a five-act play, suitable to the occasion, 'by interspersing

* "*Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII?*" (*Gentleman's Magazine*. 1850); "New Shakespeare Society's Papers," 1874.

† *N.B.*—Wolsey's famous soliloquy falls to Fletcher's share.

As regards the Prologue and Epilogue, they seem Fletcherian; the former may well be compared with the lines prefixed to *The Mad Lover;* they are, however, so contradictory, that one would fain assign them to different hands.

scenes of show and magnificence'; a splendid 'historical masque or show-play' was the result.*

Spedding's views on *Henry VIII.* are now generally accepted;† they were immediately confirmed by Mr S. Hickson, who had been investigating the matter independently (*Notes and Queries*, II. p. 198; III. p. 33), and later on by Mr Fleay and others, who subjected the various portions of the play to the metrical tests.‡

The Sources. There were four main sources used for the historical facts of the play:—(i.) Hall's *Union of the Families of Lancaster and York* (1st ed. 1548), (ii.) Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1st ed. 1577; 2nd ed. 1586); (iii.) *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, by George Cavendish, his gentleman-usher (first printed in 1641; MSS. of the work were common); (iv.) Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church* (1st ed. 1563). The last-named book afforded the materials for the Fifth Act.

Chronology of the Play. Though the play keeps in many places the very diction of the authorities, yet its chronology is altogether

* The panegyric at the end is quite in the Masque-style; so, too, the Vision in Act IV. Sc. ii.; compare *Pericles*, V. ii.; *Cymbeline*, V. iv., both similarly un-Shakespearian. The Masque in the *Tempest* is also of somewhat doubtful authorship. Mr Fleay suggested as an explanation of the dual authorship that that part of Shakespeare's play was burnt at the Globe, and that Fletcher was employed to re-write this part; that in doing so he used such material as he recollected from his hearing of Shakespeare's play. Hence the superiority of his work here over that elsewhere (*vide* Shakespeare Manual, p. 171).

† Singer, Knight, Ward, Ulrici, do not accept the theory of a divided authorship. In the *Transactions of the New Shak. Soc.* for 1880-5, there is a paper by Mr Robert Boyle, putting forth the theory that the play was written by Fletcher and Massinger, and that the original Shakespearian play perished altogether in the Globe fire.

‡ These tests seem decisive against Shakespeare's sole authorship. Dr Abbott (*Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 331) states emphatically:—"The fact that in *Henry VIII.*, and in no other play of Shakespeare's, constant exceptions *are formed to this rule* (that an extra syllable at the end of a line is rarely a monosyllable) seems to me a sufficient proof that Shakespeare did not write that play."

The following table will show at a glance the metrical characteristics of the parts:—

	Shakespeare.	Fletcher.	
double endings	1 to 3	1 to 1.7	proportion.
unstopped lines	1 to 2.03	1 to 3.79	
light endings	45	7	number.
weak endings	37	1	
rhymes	6 (*accidental*)	10	

capricious, as will be seen from the following table of historic dates, arranged in the order of the play:—*

1520. June. Field of the Cloth of Gold.
1522. March. War declared with France.
May-July. Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.
1521. April 16th. Buckingham brought to the Tower.
1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen.
1521. May. Arraignment of Buckingham.
May 17th. His Execution.
1527. August. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce
1528. October. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London.
1532. September. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.
1529. May. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce.
1529. } Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.
1533. }
1529. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome.
1533. January. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen.
1529. October. Wolsey deprived of the great seal.
Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor.
1533. March 30th. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury
May 23rd. Nullity of the marriage with Katharine declared.
1530. November 29th. Death of Cardinal Wolsey.
1533. June 1st. Coronation of Anne.
1536. January 8th. Death of Queen Katharine.
1533. September 7th. Birth of Elizabeth.
1544. Cranmer called before the Council.
1533. September. Christening of Elizabeth.

Duration of Action. From the above it is clear that the historical events of the play cover a period of twenty-four years; the time of the play, however, is seven days, represented on the stage, with intervals:—*Day* 1, Act I. Sc. i.-iv. *Interval. Day* 2, Act II. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act II. Sc. iv. *Day* 4, Act III. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 5, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. i., ii. *Interval. Day* 7, Act V. Sc. i.-iv.

* *Vide* P. A. Daniel's Time Analysis, *Trans. of New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79; *cf.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*

"The effect of the play as a whole is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. . . I know no other play in Shakespeare which is chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a Providence may be seen presiding over the development of events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. Even in *Henry IV.*, where the comic element predominates, we are never allowed to exult in the success of the wrong-doer, or to forget the penalties which are due to guilt. And if it be true that in the romantic comedies our moral sense does sometimes suffer a passing shock, it is never owing to an error in the general design, but always to some incongruous circumstance in the original story which has lain in the way and not been entirely got rid of, and which after all offends us rather as an incident improbable in itself than as one for which our sympathy is unjustly demanded. The singularity of *Henry VIII.* is that, while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth,—'*Be sad, as we would make you*,'—the remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph, and ends with universal festivity:—

'This day no man think
'Has business at his house: for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday.'"

Spedding.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry *the Eighth.*
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
Capucius, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
Cranmer, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, *Servant to Wolsey.*
Griffith, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *Physician to the King.*
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

Queen Katharine, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

Scene: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII.

The Prologue.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see

The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,

Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where 's his examination?
First Sec. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Sec. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he 's gone to the king;
I'll follow and outstare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,

And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions—by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the renching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end

As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To Abergavenny*]
The king
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the king's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for

There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take

From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

King. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.

I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd 'Tush,
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There 's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with the 'knife,'
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt he's noble;

He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal; 61
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord, you 're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company

Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You 're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. 60
[*Exit Chamberlain attended. All rise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct 70
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord!
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord. [*Whispers the Masquers.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.
King. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let 's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?
Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
First Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.
Sec. Gent. Were you there?
First Gent. Yes, indeed was I.
Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.
First Gent. You may guess quickly what.
Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?
First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.
Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.
First Gent. So are a number more.
Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
First Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought viva voce to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
First Gent. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.
First Gent. Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—
First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.

Sec. Gent. Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premisses but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,

If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there;
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt Duke and Train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.
Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?
Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.
First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor.

For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.
Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'
I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them: 10
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he 'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre,
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwise: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*] You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.
Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him?
Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law.
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you:
You are the king's now.
Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.
King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*
Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him
That he ran mad and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.
King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of

For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!

No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mo thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place

themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.
[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*
Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Usb. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired
It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give
heed to 't:
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life

And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. The Queen's apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
You have too much, good lady—but to know

How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,

And all such false professors! would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'ld feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. . Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to 't!
Nor. All men's!
Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.
Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,

And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendence to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him papers.*]
Read o'er this;
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? 'To the Pope!'
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself,
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—

I mean your malice—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else.

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission

To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You 're well met once again.
Sec. Gent. So are you.
First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.
First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.
Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively Flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* *Musicians.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him,*

the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:
Who 's that that bears the sceptre?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gent. Yes.
Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
First Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit procession; and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it? 60
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people 70
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—

Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say 'This is my wife' there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saintlike
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that 's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.
Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?
Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master
O' the jewel house, 111
And one, already, of the privy council.
Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.
Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith, her Gentleman Usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes,

and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray,
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame, Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon; My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Kath. O, my lord, The times and titles now are alter'd strangely With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you, What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady, First, mine own service to your grace; the next, The king's request that I would visit you; Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late; 'Tis like a pardon after execution: That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me; But now I am past all comforts here but prayers. How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young and of a noble modest nature:
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. A gallery in the palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It 's one o' clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you 're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers,
King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*
Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All 's not well.
King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady; Lovell following.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay, and of a boy.
Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovell!
Lov. Sir?
King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*
Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.

Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor,
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—
King. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys,
King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favour
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The council-chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat; Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury,
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't!
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace,—
King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are? 140
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom: there 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.
King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of
Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your spoons:
you shall have two noble partners with you; the
old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess
Dorset: will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] 'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] 'Do you hear, master porter?'

Port. I shall be with you, presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great

tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,

are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts: then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the
high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good
queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
[*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.

I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

The Epilogue.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

Glossary.

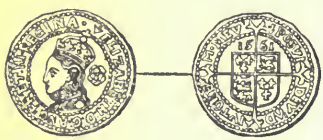
Abergavenny (*vide* Note); I. i. 211.
Abhor, protest strongly against (according to Blackstone, a technical term of the canon law = Latin *detestor*, but Holinshed has "*Abhor, refuse, and forsake*"); II. iv. 81.
Aboded, foreboded; I. i. 93.
Admit, permit, allow; IV. ii. 107.
Advertise, inform; II. iv. 178.
Advised; "be a.," be careful, reflect; I. i. 139.
After, afterwards; III. ii. 202.
Alike; "things known a.," *i.e.* equally to you as to the others; I. ii. 45.
Allay, subdue, silence; II. i. 152.
Allegiant, loyal; III. ii. 176.
Allow'd, approved; I. ii. 83.
An, if; III. ii. 375.
Anon, presently; I. ii. 107.
A-pieces, in pieces; V. iv. 80.
Appliance, application, cure; I.i.124.
Approve, confirm (Collier MS., "*improve*"); II. iii. 74.
Arrogancy, arrogance (Folio 1, "*Arrogancie*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Arrogance*"); II. iv. 110.
As, as if; I. i. 10.
Asher - house; Asher was the old spelling of Esher, a place near Hampton Court; III. ii. 231.
At, with; V. i. 131.
Attach, arrest; I. i. 217.
——, seized; I. i. 95.
Attainder, disgrace (Folios 1, 2, "*Attendure*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Attaindure*"); II. i. 41.
Avaunt; "give her the a.," bid her begone; II. iii. 10.
Avoid, quit, leave; V. i. 86.

Baiting, drinking heavily; V. iv. 85.
Banquet, dessert; "running b.," *i.e.* hasty refreshment: used figuratively; I. iv. 12.
Bar, prevent; III. ii. 17.
Beholding, beholden; I. iv. 41.
Beneficial, beneficent; "beneficial sun," *i.e.* the King; I. i. 56.
Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; II. iii. 24.
Beside, besides; Prol. 19.
Bevis, alluding to the old legend of the Saxon hero Bevis, whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Southampton; he was credited with performing incredible deeds of valour; he conquered the giant Ascapar; I. i. 38.
Bevy, company of ladies (originally a flock of birds, especially quails); I. iv. 4.
Blister'd, slashed, puffed (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*blistred*"; Folio 4, "*bolstred*"); I. iii. 31.

'*Tall stockings, short-blister'd breeches.*'

From an old French print representing a courtier of the time of Francis I.

Blow us, blow us up ; V. iv. 48.
Bombards, large leathern vessels to carry liquors ; V. iv. 85.
Book, learning (Collier MS., "*brood*" ; Lettsom conj. "*brat*") ; I. i. 122.
Bootless, useless ; II. iv. 61.
Bores, undermines, over-reaches (Becket conj. "*bords*") ; I. i. 128.
Bosom up, inclose in your heart ; I. i. 112.
Bow'd ; "a three-pence b.," *i.e.* bent ; perhaps alluding to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin ; or merely equivalent to a "worthless coin" ; II. iii. 36. *Cp.* illustration.



From an original specimen.

Brake, thicket ; I. ii. 75.
Brazier, used quibblingly in double sense of (i.) a worker in brass, (ii.) a portable fireplace ; V. iv. 42.
Broken with, broached the subject to ; V. i. 47.
Broomstaff, broomstaff's length ; V. iv. 58.
Buzzing, whisper ; II. i. 148.
By day and night ! an exclamation ; an oath ; I. ii. 213.

Camlet, a light woollen stuff originally made of camel's hair (Folios, "*Chamblet*") ; V. iv. 93.
Capable of ; susceptible to the temptations of ; V. iii. 11.
Cardinal (dissyllabic ; Folio 1, "*Cardnall*") ; II. ii. 97.
Carried, carried out, managed ; I. i. 100.
Caution, warning ; II. iv. 186.
Censure, judgment ; I. i. 33.
Certain, certainly ; II. iv. 71.
Certes, certainly ; I. i. 48.
Chafed, angry, enraged (Folios 1, 2, "*chaff'd*") ; I. i. 123.
Challenge, the legal right of objecting to being tried by a person ; II. iv. 77.
Chambers, small cannon discharged on festal occasions ; I. iv. 49.
Cherubins, cherubs ; I. i. 23.
Cheveril, kid-skin, used adjectively : II. iii. 32.
Chiding, noisy, clamorous ; III. ii 197.
Chine, joint of beef (Collier MS., "*queen*") ; V. iv. 26.
Churchman, ecclesiastic ; I. iii. 55.
Cited, summoned to appear ; IV. i. 29.
Clerks, clergy ; II. ii. 92.
Clinquant, glittering with gold or silver lace ; I. i. 19.
Clotharius, one of the Merovingian kings of France ; taken as a type of antiquity ; I. iii. 10.
Clubs ! "In any public affray, the cry was *Clubs ! Clubs !* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares) ; clubs were the weapons of the London apprentices ; V. iv. 53.
Coasts, creeps along, like a vessel following the windings of the coast ; III. ii. 38.
Colbrand, the Danish giant who, according to the old legend, was slain by Sir Guy of Warwick ; V. iv. 22.
Cold, coldness (Collier MS., "*coldness*" ; S. Walker, "*colour*") ; IV. ii. 98.
Colour, pretext ; I. i. 178.
Come off, get out, escape ; III. ii. 23.
Commends, delivers ; II. iii. 61.
Commissions, warrants ; I. ii. 20.
Compell'd, thrust upon one, unsought ; II. iii. 87.

Complete, accomplished; I. ii. 118.
Conceit, conception, opinion; II. iii. 74.
Conceive, think, look upon; I. ii. 105.
Conclave, "the holy c.," *i.e.* the College of Cardinals; II. ii. 100.
Confederacy, conspiracy; I. ii. 3.
Confident; "I am c.," I have confidence in you; II. i. 146.
Conjunction; the technical term in astrology for the "conjunction" of two planets; III. ii. 45.
Consulting; "not c.," *i.e.* not c. with each other spontaneously; I. i. 91.
Contrary, contradictory; III. ii. 26.
Convented, convened, summoned (Johnson, "*convened*"); V. i. 52.
Cope; "to c.," of encountering; I. ii. 78.
Covent, convent; IV. ii. 19.
Crab-tree, crab apple tree; V iv. 8.
Credit, reputation; III. ii. 265.
Cum privilegio, "with exclusive right"; I. iii. 34.
Cure, curacy; I. iv. 33.

Dare, make to cower in fear (*v.* Note); III. ii. 282.
Dear, dearly; II. ii. 111.
Deliver, relate, report; I. ii. 143.
Demure, solemn; I. ii. 167.
Derived, drawn upon, brought upon; II. iv. 32.
Desperate, reckless, rash; III. i. 86.
Did (*v.* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Difference, dissension; I. i. 101
Discerner, critic; I. i. 32.
Discovers, reveals, betrays; V. iii. 71.
Disposed, used, employed; I. ii. 116.
Due; "due o' the verdict," right verdict (Folios 1, 2, "*dew*"); V. i. 131.
Dunstable, Dunstable Priory; IV. i. 27.

Easy roads, easy journeys, stages; IV. ii. 17.
Element, component part; I. i. 48.
Emballing, investment with the ball; one of the insignia of royalty used at a coronation; II. iii. 47.
Embracement, embrace; I. i. 10.
End; "the e.," at the bottom (Long MS., "*at the end*"); II. i. 40.
Envy, malice, hatred; II. i. 85.
Equal, impartial; II. ii. 108.
Estate, state; II. ii. 70.
Even, pure, free from blemish; III. i. 37.
Ever; "not e.," *i.e.* not always; V. i. 129.
Exclamation, reproach, outcry; I. ii. 52.
Exhalation, meteor, shooting star; III. ii. 226.

Fail, failure of issue; I. ii. 145.
Fail'd, died; I. ii. 184.
Faints, makes faint; II. iii. 103.
Faith, fidelity; II. i. 145.
Father, father-in-law; II. i. 44.
Fearful, afraid, full of fear; V. i. 88.
Fellow, equal; I. iii. 41.
Fellows, comrades; II. i. 73.
Fierce, excessive; I. i. 54.
File, list; I. i. 75.
Filed with, kept pace with (Folios, "*fil'd*"); III. ii. 171.
Fine hand, nice business; V. iv. 74.
Fire-drake, fiery dragon, meteor, will o' the wisp; V. iv. 45.
Fit; "fit o' the face," grimace; I. iii. 7.
Fit, suitable; II. ii. 117.
Flaw'd, broken, I. i. 95; made rents in, wrought damage; I. ii. 21.

Fool and feather, alluding to the grotesque plume of feathers in the jester's cap; I. iii. 25. *Cp.* the accompanying illustration from a bas relief in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.

For, as for; II. ii. 50.
Force, urge; III. ii. 2.
Foreign man, one employed in foreign embassies; II. ii. 129.
Forged, framed, planned; I. ii. 181.
Forty hours, used for an indefinite time; III. ii. 253.
Forty pence, a sum commonly used for a trifling wager; II. iii. 89.
Frame, plan; I. ii. 44.
Free, freely; II. i. 82.
Free of, unaffected by; II. iv. 99.
Fret, eat away; III. ii. 105.
From, of; III. ii. 268.
Front, am in the front rank; I. ii. 42.
Fullers, cloth cleaners; I. ii. 33.
Furnish'd, suitably appointed, arranged; II. ii. 141.

Gainsay, deny; II. iv. 96.
Gait, walk (Folios, "*gate*"); III. ii. 116.
Gall'd, wounded; III. ii. 207.
Gap, passage; V. i. 36.
Gaping, bawling, shouting; V. iv. 3.
Gave; "My mind g. me," *i.e.* gave me to understand, I had a misgiving; V. iii. 109.
Gavest, didst impute to; III. ii. 262.
Gives way, makes way, gives opportunity; III. ii. 16.
Gladded, gladdened; II. iv. 196.
Gladding, gladdening; V. i. 71.
Glistering, glistening, shining; II. iii. 21.
Gloss; "painted g.," highly coloured comment, rhetorical flourish; V. iii. 71.
Go about, intend to do; I. i. 131.
Going out, expedition; I. i. 73.
Good, goodness (? wealth; or, good man), merit (Johnson conj. "*ground*"), V. i. 22 (*vide* Note); IV. ii 60.
Gossips, sponsors; V. v. 12.
Government, self-control; II. iv. 138.
Grief, grievance; I. ii. 56.
Grosser, coarser, ruder; I. ii. 84.
Guarded, trimmed, ornamented; Prol. 16.
Guy, the famous Sir Guy of Warwick, the hero of the old romances; V. iv. 22.

Hall; "the hall," *i.e.* Westminster Hall; II. i. 2.
Happiest; "h. hearers," *i.e.* best disposed, most favourable; Prol. 24.
Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 10.
Hardly, harshly, unfavourably; I. ii. 105.
Hard-ruled, not easily managed; III. ii. 101.
Have-at-him, attack, thrust (*vide* Note); II. ii. 85.
Have at you; an exclamation of warning in attacking; III. ii. 309.
Having, possession, wealth; II. iii. 23.

He, man ; V. iii. 131.
Heart ; "the best h.," the very essence, core ; I. ii. 1.
Hedges, creeps along by hedgerows (Warburton, "*edges*"); III. ii. 39.
Height ; "to the h.," in the highest degree ; I. ii. 214.
Held, i.e. have it acknowledged ; I. iii. 47.
——, did hold good ; II. i. 149.
Hire (dissyllabic) ; II. iii. 36.
Holidame ; "by my h.," an oath (Folios, "*holydame*"; Rowe, "*holy Dame*"); V. i. 116.
Hours (dissyllabic); V. i. 2.
Hulling, floating to and fro ; II. iv. 199.
Husband ; "an ill h.," a bad economist or manager ; III. ii. 142.

In, concerning ; II. iv. 103.
Incensed, incited, made to believe (Nares, "*insens'd*," *i.e.* informed); V. i. 43.
Indifferent, impartial, unbiassed ; II. iv. 17.
Indurance, durance, imprisonment ; V. i. 121.
Innumerable ; "i. substance," untold wealth, immense treasure (Hanmer, "*i. sums*"); III. ii. 326.
Interpreters ; "sick i.," prejudiced critics ; I. ii. 82.
Issues, sons ; III ii. 291.
Item, again, further ; used in enumeration ; III. ii. 320.
Its, its own (Folios, "*it's*"); I. i. 18.

Jaded, treated like jades, spurned ; III. ii. 280.
Justify, confirm, ratify ; I. ii. 6.

Keech, the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by a butcher in a round lump, hence a name given to Wolsey, the butcher's son (Folio 4, "*Ketch*") ; I. i. 55.
Kimbolton, Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdon ; now the seat of the Duke of Manchester (Folios 1, 2, "*Kymmalton*" probably the contemporary pronunciation of the word); IV. i. 34.
Knock it, beat time ; I. iv. 108.

Lag end, latter end ; I. iii. 35.
Large commission, warrant exercising full power ; III. ii. 320.
Late, "lately considered valid" ; IV. i. 33.
Lay, resided, dwelt ; IV. i. 28.
Lay by the heels, put in the stocks ; V. iv. 83.
Lay upon, charge, impute ; III. ii. 265.
Learnedly, like one learned in the law ; II. i. 28.
Leave, leave off, desist ; IV. ii. 94.
Legatine, pertaining to a legate (Folio 1, "*Legatiue*"; Folios 2, 3, "*Legantive*"; Folio 4, "*Legantine*"); III. ii. 339.
Leisure, time at one's own disposal ; (Collier MS., "*labour*"); III. ii. 140.
Let ; "let him be," even though he be ; IV. ii. 146.
Letters-patents (the correct Anglo-French form of *literæ patentes*), letters patent ; III. ii. 250.
Level, aim ; I. ii. 2.
Like it, may it please ; I. i. 100.
Limbo Patrum, prison ; strictly the place where the souls of the Fathers of the Old Testament remained till Christ's descent to hell ; V. iv. 68.
Line, equator ; V. iv. 44.
List, pleases ; II. ii. 22.
Little ; "in a l.," in few words, briefly ; II. i. 11.
'Longing, belonging (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*longing*"; Folio 4, "*'longing*"); I. ii. 32.
Look for, expect ; V. iv. 10.
Loose, free of speech ; II. i. 127.

Lop, the smaller branches of a tree cut off for faggots; I. ii. 96.
Lose, forget; II. i. 57.

Maidenhead, maidenhood; II. iii. 23.
Main, general; IV. i. 31.
Makings; "royal m.," ensigns of royalty; IV. i. 87.
Manage, training; V. iii. 24.
Mark, a coin worth 13/4; V. i. 170.
Marshalsea, the well-known prison; afterwards used as a debtors' prison; V. iv. 90.
May, can; I. ii. 200.
May-day morning; "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind" (Stowe); V. iv. 15.
Mazed, amazed, bewildering; II. iv. 185.
Mean, means; V. iii. 146.
Measure, a slow stately dance; I. iv. 106.
Memorized, made memorable; III. ii. 52.
Mere, utter, absolute; III. ii. 329.
Mincing, affectation; II. iii. 31.
Mind, memory; III. ii. 138.
Minds, "their royal m.," their devotion to the king (Pope, "*loyal*"); IV. i. 8.
Mistaken, misjudged; I. i. 195.
Mistakes, misunderstands; III. i. 101.
Mo, more; II. iii. 97.
Model, image, copy; IV. ii. 132.
Modest, moderate; V. iii. 69.
Modesty, moderation; IV. ii. 74.
Moiety, half; I. ii. 12.
Moorfields, a place of resort where the trainbands of the city were exercised; V. iv. 33.
Motions, motives, impulses; I. i. 153.
Mounting, raising on high; I. ii. 205.
Mounts, makes to mount; I. i. 144.
Music, musicians; IV. ii. 94.
Mysteries, artificial fashions; I. iii. 2.

Naughty, wicked; V. i. 138.
New-trimm'd, newly fitted up; I. ii. 80.
Noised, rumoured, reported; I. ii. 105.
Note, notice; "gives n.," proclaims, I. i. 63; information, I. ii. 48.
Noted, noticed, observed; II. i. 46.
Nothing, not at all; V. i. 125.

O', off from; V. iv. 93.
Objections, accusations; III. ii. 307
Offer, opportunity; III. ii. 4.
Office; "the o.," *i.e.* the officers (Roderick conj. "*each office*"); I. i. 44.
Omit, miss, neglect; III. ii. 3.
On, of; I. i. 94.
Once, at one time; I. ii. 82.
On's, of his; III. ii. 106.
Open; "in o.," openly, in public; III. ii. 404.
Opinion, reputation (*vide* Note); Prol. 20.
Opposing, placing face to face (Long MS., "*exposing*"); IV. i. 67.
Other, otherwise; I. iii. 58.
Outgo, go beyond, surpass; I. ii. 207.
Out of, except; III. ii. 13.
Outspeaks, exceeds; III. ii. 127.
Outworths, exceeds in value; I. i. 123.

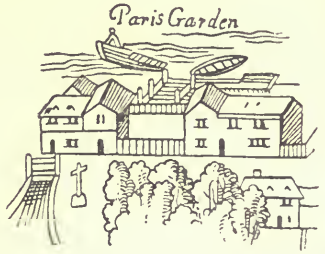
Pace, put through their paces; V iii. 22.
Pain, pains; III. ii. 72.
Painting; "as a p.," *i.e.* of the cheeks; I. i. 26.
Pales, palings, enclosure; V. iv. 94.
Panging, inflicting great pain; II. iii. 15.
Papers, sets down on the list (Campbell, "*the papers*"; Staunton conj. "*he paupers*"); (*vide* Note); I. i 80.

Paragon'd, regarded as a model or pattern; II. iv. 230.

Parcels, parts, items; III. ii. 125.

Pared, diminished; III ii. 159.

Paris-garden, the celebrated bear-garden on Bankside, Southwark (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Parish Garden*"); V. iv. 2.



From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

Part away, depart; III. i. 97.

Parted, departed, IV. i. 92; shared V. ii. 28.

Particular, special ground; III. ii. 189.

Part of, in part, partly; III. i. 24.

Peck, pitch, fling (Johnson, "*pick*"): V. iv. 94.

Pepin, one of the Carlovingian Kings of France, taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.

Period; "his p.," the end he wishes to attain; I. ii. 209.

Perk'd up, made smart, dressed up; II. iii. 21.

Perniciously, hatefully, to the death; II. i. 50.

Phœnix; "maiden p.," so called because the bird was sexless and did not reproduce itself in the ordinary course of nature, but arose from its ashes; V. v. 40.

Pillars, the insignia of cardinals; II. iv. (stage direction).

Pinked, pierced with holes; V. iv. 50.

Pitch, height, dignity (Warburton. "*pinch*"; Theobald conj. "*batch*"); II. ii. 50.

Pity, subject for compassion; II. iii. 10.

Plain-song, simple melody, without variations; I. iii. 45.

Play: "make my play"; *i.e.* "win what I play for"; I. iv. 46.

Pluck off, abate from the rank; II. iii. 40.

Porringer, cap shaped like a porringer or porridge bowl; V. iv. 50. *Cp.* the accompanying representation of a Milan bonnet fashionable at this time.

A Pinked Porringer.
From a woodcut dated 1546.

Powers, people of highest power and authority; (Vaughan conj. "*peers*"); II. iv. 113.

Powle's, *i.e.* St Paul's Cathedral (Folios 1, 2, "*Powles*"; Folio 3. "*Poule's*"; Folio 4. "*Pauls*"): V. iv. 16.

Practice, plot, artifice; I. i. 204.

Præmunire, a writ issued against any one who has committed the offence of introducing foreign authority into England (probably a corruption of *præmonere*); III. ii. 340.

Prayers (dissyllabic); II. i. 77.

Preferr'd, promoted; IV. i. 102.

Presence, presence-chamber; III. i. 17; King's presence, IV. ii. 37.
Present, present moment; V. iii. 9.
Present, immediate; I. ii. 211.
Press, crowd, mob (Folios 1, 2, "*preasse*"; Folio 3, "*preass*"); V. iv. 88.
Prime, first; III. ii. 162.
Primer, more urgent, more pressing; I. ii. 67.
Primero, an ancient game of cards, fashionable in those days; V. i. 7.
Private, alone; II. ii. 12.
Privily, privately; I. i. 183.
Privity, concurrence, knowledge; I. i. 74.
Proof; "in p.," when brought to the test; I. i. 197.
Proper, fine (used ironically); I. i. 98.
Purse; "the p.," *i.e.* the bag containing the great seal carried before him as Lord Chancellor; I. i. 114-115.
Put off, dismissed, I. ii. 32; discard, dismiss, II. iv. 21.
Putter on, instigator; I. ii. 24.

Quality, nature; I. ii. 84.
Queen, play the queen; II. iii. 37.

Raised head, levied an army; II. i. 108.
Range, rank; II. iii. 20.
Rankness, exuberance; IV. i. 59.
Rate, estimation, scale; III. ii. 127.
Read, learn, take example; (Collier conj. "*tread*"); V. v. 37.
Receipt, reception; "such r. of learning" = the reception of such learning; II. ii. 139.
Renching (*vide* Note); I. i. 167.
Respect: "dear r.," *i.e.* intense regard: V. iii. 119.
Rub, obstacle, impediment (a term in bowling); II. i. 129.
Run in; "is r. in," has run into, incurred; I. ii. 110.

Saba, the queen of Sheba (the Vulgate "*Regina Saba*"); V. v. 23.
Sacring bell, the bell rung at mass at the elevation of the Host (Rowe, Pope, "*scaring bell*"); III. ii. 295.
Salute, touch, affect, exhilarate (Collier MS., "*elate*"); II. iii. 103.
Saving, with all due respect to; II. iii. 31.
Saw, "we s."; *i.e.* saw each other, met (Folios 3, 4, "*saw y'*"); I. i. 2.
Sectary, dissenter; V. iii. 70.
Seeming, show, appearance; II. iv. 108.
Sennet, a set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, played at the entry or exit of a procession; II. iv. (stage direction).
Set, sitting; III. i. 74.
Set on, set forward; II. iv. 241.
Shot; "loose s.," random shooters, skirmishers; V. iv. 59.
Shrewd, ill, ill-natured: V. iii. 178.
Shrouds, sail-ropes, rigging of a ship; IV. i. 72.
Sick, sick with pride; II. ii. 83; feeble, III. i. 118.
Sicken'd, impaired (Theobald conj. "*slacken'd*"); I. i. 82.
Sign, set a stamp on; II. iv. 108.
Silenced; "the ambassador is s.," *i.e.* "commanded to keep his house in silence," (Hall's *Chronicles*); I. i. 97.
Single, sincere, untainted; V. iii. 38.
Slept upon, been blinded to the faults of; II. ii. 43.
Slightly, smoothly, rapidly (S. Walker conj. "*lightly*"); II. iv. 112.
Solicited, informed, moved, stirred; I. ii. 18.
Something, somewhat; I. i. 195.
Sometimes, sometime, at one time; II. iv. 181

Sooth, truth; II. iii. 30.
Sought, gave occasion for, incurred; V. ii. 15.
Sound, proclaim; V. ii. 13.
Sounder, more loyal; III. ii. 274.
Spaniard; "the S.", *i.e.* the Spanish court; II. ii. 90.
Spann'd, measured, limited; I. i. 223.
Sparing, niggardliness; I. iii. 60.
Spavin, a disease in horses; I. iii. 12.
Speak, bear witness, II. iv. 166; describe, III. i. 125.
Spinsters, spinners; I. ii. 33.
Spleen, malice, enmity; I. ii. 174.
Spleeny, hot-headed; III. ii. 99.
Spoil, destroy, ruin; I. ii. 175.
Springhalt, a disease in horses; I. iii. 13.
Stand on, rely upon; V. i. 122.
State, chair of state, throne; I. ii.; canopy, I. iv. (stage direction).
Staying, waiting; IV. ii. 105.
Still, continually, constantly; II. ii. 126.
Stirs against, is active against (Collier MS., "*strives*"); V. iii. 39.
Stomach, pride, arrogance; IV. ii. 34.
Stood to, sided with, II. iv. 86.
Strains, embraces; IV. i. 46.
Strove, striven; II. iv. 30.
Suddenly, immediately; V. iv. 83.
Sufferance, suffering, pain; II. iii. 15.
Suggestion, underhanded practice, craft; IV. ii. 35.
Suggests, incites; I. i. 164.

Tainted, disgraced; IV. ii. 14.
Take peace, make peace; II. i. 85.
Talker, a *mere* talker (as opposed to one who performs his promise); II. ii. 80.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; I. i. 124.
Tendance, attention; III. ii. 149.
Tender, have care, regard for; II. iv. 116.
That, so that; I. i. 25.
This (Folio "*his*"); V. iii. 133.
Throughly, thoroughly; V. i. 110.
Tied, brought into a condition of bondage (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Ty'de*; Folio 4, "*Ty'd*"; Hanmer, "*Tyth'd*"); IV. ii. 36.
Time, present state of things; V. i. 37.
To, against; III. ii. 92.
To be, as to be; III. i. 86.
Top-proud, proud in the highest degree; I. i. 151.
Touch, hint; V. i. 13.
Trace, follow (Clark MS., "*grace*"); III. ii. 45.
Tract, course, process; I. i. 40.
Trade, beaten track (Warburton, "*tread*"); V. i. 36.
Trembling; "a tr. contribution," a c. so great that it makes the giver tremble, (or, (?) makes us tremble); (Collier MS., "*trebling*"); I. ii. 95.
Trow, "I t.," I believe; (Folios 1, 2, "*trod*"; I. i. 184.
Truncheoners, men with clubs or truncheons (Folios 3, 4, "*Truncheons*"); V. iv. 54.
Types, distinguishing marks, signs; I. iii. 31.

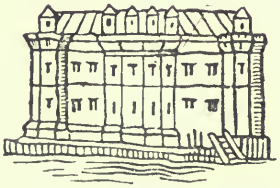
Undertakes, takes charge of; II. i. 97.
Unhappily, unfavourably; I. iv. 89.
Unpartial, impartial; II. ii. 107.
Unwittingly, unintentionally; III. ii. 123.
Use; "make u.," take advantage of the opportunity; III. ii. 420.
Used myself, behaved, conducted myself; III. i. 176.

Vacant, devoid, empty; V. i. 125
Values; "not v.," is not worth; I. i. 88.
Virtue; "by that v."; by virtue of that office; V. iii. 50.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 179.

Voice, vote, I. ii. 70; rumour general talk; III. ii. 405.
Voices; "free v.," candid opinion; II. ii. 94.
Vouch, testimony, attestation; I. i. 157.

Wag, move; I. i. 33.
Was, "w. too far"; *i.e.* went beyond proper bounds; III. i. 65.
Way, way of thinking, religious belief; V. i. 28.
Ween, deem, imagine; V. i. 135.
Weigh, value; V. i. 124.
Weigh out, outweigh; III. i. 88.
Well said, well done; I. iv. 30.
Whoever, whomsoever; II. i. 47.
Will, desire; I. ii. 13.
Will'd, desired; III. i. 18.
Wit, understanding; III. i. 72.
Withal, with; III. ii. 130.
Witness, testimony; V. i. 136.
Work, outwork, fortification; V. iv. 62.
Worship, noble rank, nobility; I. i. 39.
Wot, know; III. ii. 122.

You, yourself; I. iv. 20.



Waterfront of the Palace at Bridewell.
(From Aggas's *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.)

Notes.

Prol. 3. '*high and working*'; Staunton reads '*and high-working.*'

Prol. 12. '*shilling*'; the usual price for a seat on or next the stage.

Prol. 16. '*a long motley coat*'; the professional garb of a fool or jester.

Prol. 21. The line is either to be taken as a parenthesis, '*that*' referring to '*opinion*' (=reputation); or as following directly on '*opinion*,' *i.e.* 'the reputation we bring of making what we represent strictly in accordance with truth.'

I. i. 6. '*Those suns of glory*'; *i.e.* Francis I., King of France, and Henry VIII., King of England; Folios 3, 4 read, '*sons.*'

I. i. 7. '*the vale of Andren. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde.*' Guynes, a town in Picardy belonging to the English; Arde, a town in Picardy belonging to the French; the vale of Andren between the two towns was the scene of the famous 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' *Cp.* illustration at end of Notes.

I. i. 63. Capell's reading of Folio 1, '*but spider-like, Out of his selfe-drawing web, O gives us note.*' Further, Capell and Rowe substituted '*self-drawn*' for '*self-drawing.*'

I. i. 79, 80. '*The honourable . . . out, . . . him in he papers*'; Folios 1, 2, read '*The Councell, out . . him in, he papers,*' etc. Pope's explanation of these awkward lines is probably correct:—"His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers" (*i.e.* registers on the paper). Various emendations have been proposed; *e.g.* '*the papers*'; '*he paupers.*'

I. i. 86. '*minister communication*'; Collier MS., '*the consummation*'; but the phrase is Holinshed's.

I. i. 90. '*the hideous storm*'; "On Mondaie, the eighteenth of June, was such an hideous storme of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes" (Holinshed).

I. i. 115. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor was his cousin, Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, grandson of Humphrey Stafford, First Duke of Buckingham

I. i. 120. '*venom-mouth'd*'; Pope's reading; Folios read, '*venom'd-mouth'd.*'

I. i. 152. '*Whom from the flow of gall I name not,*' etc.; *i.e.* 'whom I mention, not because I am still angry'; etc.

I. i 167. '*renching*'; the Camb. ed. '*rinsing,*' Pope's unnecessary emendation of the Folio reading '*wrenching,*' which is evidently an error for '*renching,*' a provincial English cognate of '*rinse,*' both words being ultimately derived from the same Scandinavian original, *rinse,* through the medium of French, *rench,* a direct borrowing (Collier MS., '*wrensing*').

I. i. 172. '*count-cardinal*'; Pope proposed '*court-cardinal.*'

I. i. 176. '*Charles the Emperor,*' viz., Charles V., Emperor of Germany; Katharine was his mother's sister.

I. i. 200. '*Hereford*'; Capell's reading; Folios, '*Hertford.*'

I. i. 204, 206. The meaning of these unsatisfactory lines seems to be, as Johnson explained, "I am sorry to be present, and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty."

I. i. 211. '*Abergavenny*'; Folios, '*Aburgany,*' the usual pronunciation of the name.

I. i. 217. '*Montacute*'; Folios read, '*Mountacute*'; Rowe reads, '*Montague.*'

I. i. 219. '*chancellor*'; Theobald's correction; Folios 1, 2 read, '*Councellour.*'

I. i. 221. '*Nicholas Hopkins*'; Theobald's correction (from Holinshed) of Folios, '*Michaell*' (probably due to printer's confusion of '*Nich*' with '*Mich*').

I. ii. 67. '*business*'; Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*baseness.*'

I. ii. 147. '*Henton*'; *i.e.* Nicholas Hopkins, "a monk of an house of the Chartreux Order beside Bristow, called Henton" (Holinshed); there is no need to emend the text.

I. ii. 164. '*confession's seal*'; Theobald's emendation (following Holinshed) of Folios, '*commissions.*'

I. ii. 170. '*To gain*'; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3 read, '*To*'; Collier MS. reads, '*To get*'; Grant White, '*To win.*'

I. ii. 179. '*for him*'; Capell's emendation of '*For this*' of the Folios; Collier MS. reads, '*From this*'; etc.

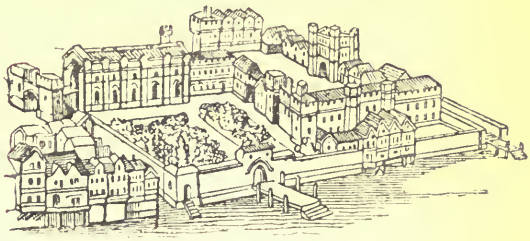
I. ii. 190. '*Bulmer*'; Folios read, '*Blumer*'; Pope, '*Blomer.*'

I. iii. 13. '*Or springhalt*'; Verplank's (Collier conj.) emendation of Folios, '*A springhalt*'; Pope, '*And springhalt.*'

I. iii. 34. '*wear*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads, '*wee*'; Anon. conj. '*oui.*'

I. iii. 59. '*has wherewithal*'; Folios, '*ha's,*' probably an error for '*'has,*' *i.e.* '(*he*) *has.*'

I. iv. '*York Place.*' *Cp.* the annexed illustration.



From Anthony van den Wyngrerde's *Bird's-eye View of London* in 1543, now in the Sutherland collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

I. iv. 6. '*As, first, good company*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4 reads, '*As, first good company*'; Theobald, '*as, first-good company*'; Halliwell, '*as far as good company,*' etc.

II. i. 29. '*was either pitied in him or forgotten*'; *i.e.* "either produced no effect, or only ineffectual pity" (Malone).

II. i. 54. '*Sir William Sands*'; Theobald's emendation (from Holinshed) of Folio 1, '*Sir Walter Sands*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Walter Sands.*'

II. i. 86. '*mark*'; Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*make.*'

II. i. 105. '*I now seal it,*' *i.e.* my truth.—with blood.

II. ii. 85. '*one have-at-him*'; Folio 1, '*one; haue at him*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*one heave at him*'; Knight, '*one;—have at him.*'

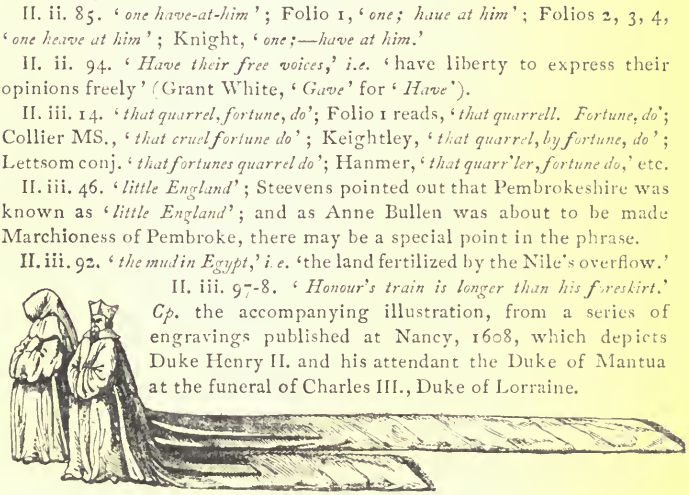
II. ii. 94. '*Have their free voices,*' *i.e.* 'have liberty to express their opinions freely' (Grant White, '*Gave*' for '*Have*').

II. iii. 14. '*that quarrel, fortune, do*'; Folio 1 reads, '*that quarrell. Fortune, do*'; Collier MS., '*that cruel fortune do*'; Keightley, '*that quarrel, by fortune, do*'; Lettsom conj. '*that fortunes quarrel do*'; Hanmer, '*that quarr'ler, fortune do,*' etc.

II. iii. 46. '*little England*'; Steevens pointed out that Pembrokeshire was known as '*little England*'; and as Anne Bullen was about to be made Marchioness of Pembroke, there may be a special point in the phrase.

II. iii. 92. '*the mud in Egypt,*' *i.e.* 'the land fertilized by the Nile's overflow.'

II. iii. 97-8. '*Honour's train is longer than his foreskirt.*' *Cp.* the accompanying illustration, from a series of engravings published at Nancy, 1608, which depicts Duke Henry II. and his attendant the Duke of Mantua at the funeral of Charles III., Duke of Lorraine.



II. iv. 62. '*That longer you desire the court*,' *i.e.* desire the court to delay its proceedings; Folio 4, '*defer*'; Keightley conj. '*court delay'd*.'

II. iv. 172. '*The Bishop of Bayonne*'; strictly it should be 'the Bishop of Tarbes,' but the mistake was Holinshed's.

II. iv. 174. '*The Duke of Orleans*,' was the second son of Francis I., King of France.

II. iv. 182. '*the bosom of my conscience*'; Holinshed's use of '*secret bottom of my conscience*' justified Theobald's emendation of '*bosom*' to '*bottom*.'

II. iv. 199. '*throe*'; Pope's emendation of Folios, '*throw*.'

II. iv. 204. '*yet not*,' *i.e.* not yet.

II. iv. 225. '*drive*'; Pope's emendation of Folios, '*drives*.'

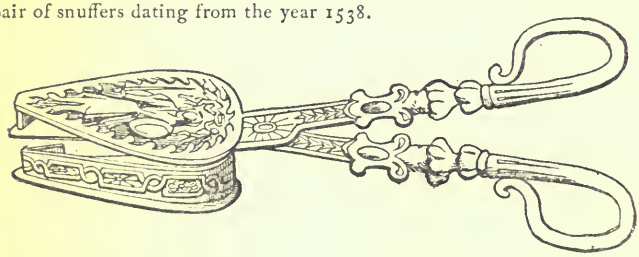
III. i. 38. '*and that way I am wife in*'; *i.e.* concerning my conduct as a wife. (Rowe proposed '*wise*' for '*wife*.')

III. i. 40. '*Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima*'; 'So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene princess.'

III. ii. 64. '*He is returned in his opinions*,' *i.e.* having sent in advance the opinions he has gathered.

III. ii. 66. '*Together with all famous colleges*'; Rowe reads, '*Gather'd from all the famous colleges*.'

III. ii. 96 '*I must snuff it*.' *Cp.* the accompanying representation of a pair of snuffers dating from the year 1538.



III. ii. 172. '*been mine so*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read, '*been so*.'

III. ii. 192. '*that am, have, and will be*,' etc.; the reading of the Folios of these lines, which have taxed the ingenuity of scholars; some two dozen various emendations are recorded in the Cambridge Shakespeare, but probably the text as we have it represents the author's words; the meaning of the passage is clear, and the difficulty is due to the change in construction. Instead of '*that am, have, and will be*,' it has been proposed to read, '*that am your slave, and will be*'; this would get rid of the awkward '*have*' = 'have been,' but probably the line is correct as it stands.

III. ii. 272. '*that . . . dare mate*'; *i.e.* I that . . . dare mate.

III. ii. 282. '*And dare us with his cap like larks*'; "One of the methods of daring larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them" (Steevens).

III. ii. 321. '*Cassado*'; so Folios, following Hall and Holinshed; Rowe reads the correct form, '*Cassalis.*'

III. ii. 325. '*your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.*' *Cp.* the accompanying facsimile of a groat minted at Wolsey's city of York.

III. ii. 343. '*Chattels*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Castles.*'

IV. ii. 58-59. '*These twins of learning. . . . Ipswich and Oxford*': Wolsey's College, Ipswich, of which the gateway still remains, was founded by Wolsey. Christ Church, Oxford, was founded by Wolsey: it was first called Cardinal College.

IV. ii. 60. '*the good that did it*'; Pope reads, '*the good he did it*'; Collier MS., '*the good man did it*'; Staunton, '*the good that rear'd it,*' etc. The words, if not corrupt, must mean the 'good man (or the goodness) that caused it, *i.e.* founded it.'

V. i. 34. '*is*'; Theobald, '*he's.*'

V. i. 106. '*you a brother of us,*' *i.e.* being a Privy Councillor.

V. iii. 11-12. '*frail and capable of our flesh*'; Keightley, '*culpable and frail,*' etc.; Pope, '*and capable Of frailty*'; Malone, '*incapable*; *Of our flesh*'; Mason conj. '*and culpable: Of our flesh,*' etc.

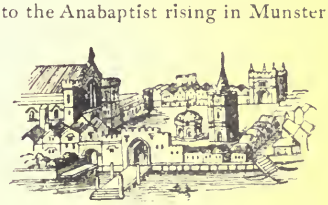
V. iii. 22. '*pace 'em not in their hands*'; *i.e.* 'leading them by the bridle.'

V. iii. 30. '*The Upper Germany*'; alluding to Thomas Munzer's insurrection in Saxony (1521-1522), or to the Anabaptist rising in Munster (1535); the passage is from Foxe.

V. iii. 66. '*Lay,*' *i.e.* 'though ye lay.'

V. iii. 85. '*This is too much*'; the Folios give the speech to the Chamberlain, evidently due to confusion of '*Cham.*' and '*Chan.*'

V. iii. 125. '*bare*'; Malone's emendation of Folios, '*base.*'



The Palace Yard.
From Anthony van den Wyngerde's *Map of London* (1543), in the Bodleian Library.

V. iii. 165. '*You'ld spare your spoons,*' *i.e.* you wish to save your spoons; alluding to the old custom of giving spoons as christening presents.

V. iv. '*The Palace Yard*' *Cp.* illustration.

V. iv. 27. '*And that I would not for a cow, God save her!*' a proverbial expression still used in the South of England.

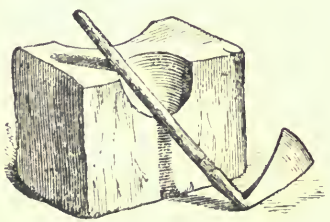
V. iv. 34. '*some strange Indian.*' Exhibitions of Indians, alive or embalmed, were by no means infrequent in the London of Shakespeare's day. *Cp. Tempest*, II. ii. 34. The annexed illustration represents one of these 'strange kind of people' (with whose transportation Sir Martin Frobisher was specially concerned), and is copied from a pen-and-ink drawing of about 1590, the original of which is preserved in a MS. in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral.

'*Some strange Indian.*'

V. iv. 65, 66. '*the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*' There is no evidence for finding in these words the names of Puritan congregations, as commentators have supposed; the alternative phrases are sufficiently expressive without any such supposition, and were perhaps coined for the occasion; they are not found elsewhere.

V. v. 71. '*And your good brethren*'; Thirlby's conjecture, adopted by Theobald; Folios read, '*and you good brethren.*'

V. v. 76. '*has*'; *i.e.* he has; Folios, ''*Has.*'



From the original in the Tower of London. *Cp.* III. ii. 264.

The meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. in the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

(From a bas relief in the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, Rouen.)

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Preface.

The Early Editions. In 1609 two quarto editions of *Troilus and Cressida* were issued, with the following title-pages:—

(i.) "The | Historie of Troylus | and Cresseida. | *As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties* | seruants at the globe. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | LONDON | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules | Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609." *

(ii.) The | Famous Historie of Troylus *and* Cresseid. | *Excellently expressing the* beginning | of their loues, with the conceited wooing | of *Pandarus* Prince of *Licia*. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | LONDON | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules | Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609. |

The text is identical in the two quartos, the difference being merely the variation in the title-page, and the addition of a preface to the latter edition. There is no doubt that the leaf with the preface was not in the original issue, and that the first quarto was published with the statement that it had been acted by the King's servants at the Globe. The Cambridge Editors believe that the copies with this title-page were first issued for the theatre, and afterwards those with the new title-page and preface for the general readers, and they are of opinion that in this case the expression "never staled with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palms of the vulgar" must refer to the first appearance of the play in type, unless we suppose that the publisher was more careful to say what would recommend his book than to state what was literally true. It seems, however, scarcely plausible that the expression can refer to mere publication, and not to actual performance; it is probable that the quartos differed in some important respects from the version of the play acted by "the King's servants," and the new title-page and preface were

* *Vide* Shakespere Quarto Facsimiles, No. 13.

perhaps due to some remonstrance on the part of the author or "the grand possessors."

In the First Folio *Troilus and Cressida* is found between the "Histories" and "Tragedies"; it is not mentioned in the Table of Contents, and the editors were evidently doubtful as to its classification. "*Coriolanus*," "*Titus Andronicus*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*Troilus and Cressida*," was the original order of the Tragedies, and the first three pages of the present play were actually paged so as to follow *Romeo and Juliet*,* but *Timon of Athens* was subsequently put in its place, and a neutral position assigned to it between the two main divisions. The Folio editors' view that the play was a Tragedy was certainly neither in accordance with the sentiment of the prologue (first found in the Folio and seemingly non-Shakespearian) and the quarto preface, which make it a comedy, nor with the title-page and running title of the quartos which treat it as a history. *Troilus and Cressida* presents perhaps the most complex problem in the whole range of Shakespeare's work. It has been well described as "a History in which historical verisimilitude is openly set at nought, a Comedy without genuine laughter, a Tragedy without pathos."

There are many points of difference between the Quarto and Folio text of the play, and the Cambridge editors are probably correct in their conclusions that the discrepancies are to be explained thus:—the Quarto was printed from a transcript of the author's original MS. which was subsequently slightly revised by the author himself; before the First Folio was printed this revised MS. had been tampered with by another hand, perhaps by the writer of the prologue.

Date of Composition. The publication of the quartos in 1609 gives us one limit for the date of *Troilus and Cressida*, but (i.) certain discrepancies in the text, (ii.) differences of style, thought, language, and metrical qualities, and (iii.) important pieces of external evidence, make it almost certain that the play passed through various stages of revision, and was in all probability composed at different times. Under (i.) must be noticed that "in Act I. Sc. ii. Hector goes to the field and fights, in Act I. Sc. iii., after this, we find him grown rusty in the long-continued truce;" again "the rhyming couplet, V. xi. 33, 34, which almost terminates the last scene, is by the Folio editors repeated at the

* "The editors cancelled the leaf containing the end of *Romeo and Juliet* on one side and the beginning of *Troilus and Cressida* on the other, but retained the other leaf already printed, and then added the prologue to fill up the blank page, which in the original setting of the type had been occupied by the end of *Romeo and Juliet*" (Cambridge Ed.).

end of Act V. Sc. iii., which fact strongly suggests that Scenes vi.-xi. are a later insertion." As regard (ii.), the general style of those parts of the play dealing with the Love Story, contrasts strongly with the parts belonging to the Camp Story; the former bear the impress of Shakespeare's earlier characteristics,* the latter of his later.

(iii.) External evidence points to Shakespeare's connexion with the subject of *Troilus and Cressida* at least as early as 1599, for in the old anonymous play of *Histriomastix* (written by Marston and others about that year), a satirical production called forth by the famous Battle of the Theatres, associated with the quarrels of Marston, Dekker, Jonson, etc. —occurs the following burlesque passage:—

> "*Troy.* Come, Cressida, my cresset light,
> Thy face doth shine both day and night,
> Behold, behold *thy garter blue*
> *Thy knight his valiant elbow wears*,†
> That when he SHAKES his furious SPEARE,
> The foe, in shivering fearful sort,
> May lay him down in death to snort.
> *Cress.* O knight, with valour in thy face,
> Here *take my skreene*, wear it for grace;
> Within thy helmet put the same,
> Therewith to make thy enemies lame."‡

There can be no doubt that we have here a travesty of an incident (*cp.*

*Perhaps we should note in this connexion the characteristically early 'echo of Marlowe' to be found in this portion of Act II. Sc. ii. 82, where the reference is to Marlowe's famous lines in *Faustus*:—

> "*Was this the face that launched a thousand ships*
> *And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium?*"

† The text is obviously corrupt; a line has dropped out ending in a word to rhyme with "*blue*"; "*wears*" should be "wear" rhyming with "*speare*."

‡ This passage lends colour to the hypothesis that *Troilus and Cressida* originally had some real or supposed bearing on the theatrical quarrels of the day, Ajax representing Jonson, and Thersites standing for Dekker; "*rank Thersites with his mastic jaws*" has been brought into connexion with Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1601), and Jonson's description of him in *The Poetaster*, "one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome." Mr Fleay has suggested that the "physic" given "to the great Myrmidon" (I. iii. 378; III. iii. 34) is identical with the "purge" administered by Shakespeare to Jonson in *The Return from Parnassus*. The early *Troilus and Cressida* may have contained topical allusions, but these allusions were intentionally 'overlaid' in the revised form of the play; minute criticism has probably detected fossil remains of theatrical satire. Even the doubtful Prologue with "its prologue armed" seems reminiscent of the armed Prologue, in Jonson's polemical *Poetaster*.

It is worth while noting that the Envy Induction in the latter play imitated the old play *Mucedorus* (1598, 1st ed.); we have a reference to the end of *Mucedorus* in *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. 23. "*Devil Envy*, say Amen!"

Act V. ii.) in a play on the subject of *Troilus and Cressida*, and that this play was by Shakespeare.

We know, from Henslowe's *Diary*, that about the same time, during the early part of 1599, Dekker and Chettle were preparing a play which was at first to be called "*Troylles and Cresseda*," but afterwards *Agamemnon*; and it is just possible that both this and Shakespeare's *Troilus* were based on some older production. Under the date of Feb. 7th, 1603, there is an entry in the Stationers' Register to "the book of *Troilus and Cressida*," as it is acted by "my Lord Chamberlain's servants"; the book is entered for James Roberts to be printed "when he had gotten sufficient authority for it." This must have been Shakespeare's play. Roberts did not get the necessary authority, and hence the re-entry in the Register (Jan. 28, 1609) before the publication of the Quarto edition. It is impossible to determine how far the play burlesqued in *Histriomastix*, the 1603 play, and the 1609 quarto, were identical.*

The safest course is to assign "*circa* 1599" to the play in its first form, "*circa* 1602" to the second and main revision, allowing for subsequent additions between the latter date and its publication in 1609.† This perplexing "comedy of disillusion," with its dark irony, its wistful melancholy, its travesty of the faith of *Romeo and Juliet*, its depreciation of ancient heroism and medieval chivalry, its scoffing worldly wisdom, helps us perhaps to realise, somewhat at least, the deepening changes in Shakespeare's aspect of life, which lead him from farce to comedy, from comedy to sombre tragi-comedy, and thence to soul-racking tragedy.

Source of the Plot. The main sources of *Troilus and Cressida* are:—(i.) Chaucer's *Troilus*, which formed the basis of the love-story;‡ (ii.) Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye* (translated from Raoul le Fèvre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*),§ and Lydgate's *Troy Book* (translated from Guido di Colonna), whence Shakespeare drew his materials for the

* The title-page of the first quarto evidently claimed that the version was the same as that acted by the Chamberlain's men in 1603; the second quarto, with the preface, withdrew the statement.

† *Troilus* invites comparison with *Timon of Athens*, which belongs probably to (about) 1606, but its authorship is only Shakespeare's in part (*vide* Preface to *Timon*)

‡ For the literary history of Chaucer's *Troilus*, *cp.* Skeat's Preface to the poem; Shakespeare's and Chaucer's conceptions are contrasted in Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*; concerning Shakespeare's debt to Chaucer, *cp.* Lloyd's *Essays on Shakespeare*; Hales' *Essays and Notes on Shakespeare*; etc.

§ H. O. Sommer's recent reprint of Caxton's *Recuyell* (Nutt, 1894) contains a full bibliography and history of the book. Shakespeare may well have used Creede's 1596 version.

camp-story; (iii.) from Chapman's *Homer* (Bk. I.-VII., 1597) the character of Thersites was derived (*vide* Book II.).*

Duration of Action. It is impossible, according to Mr P. A. Daniel, to assign more than four days to *Troilus and Cressida*, though certain discrepancies in Act II. Sc. iii., and Act III. Sc. i. and iii., rather hamper the distribution of the time:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. and ii. *Interval.* *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iii.; Act II. and Act III. *Day* 3, Act IV.; Act V. Sc. i. and ii. *Day* 4, Act V. Sc. iii.-x

Dryden's Version. "*Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found Too Late:* A tragedy by John Dryden; acted at the Duke's Theatre"; this improvement on Shakespeare's play was published (4to, 1679) with a prefatory Essay, wherein the writer explains that Shakespeare "began it with some fire," but "the latter part is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms," many of the characters were, he believed, "begun and left unfinished."

* In a valuable and suggestive paper on *Greene's Romances and Shakespeare* ("New Shak. Soc.," 1888) Prof. Herford points out that in *Euphues, His Censure* to *Philautus* (1587), we have a version of the *Troilus and Cressida* story, which, slight and insignificant as it is, "approaches more nearly than any other version, the manner of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*."

The Gates of Troy.

From an engraving in an old French edition of Raoul le Fevre's *History of Troy*, 1529.

"A never writer to an ever reader,

News.

"Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain that never undertook anything comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for titles of commodities or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors that now style them such vanities flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations have found that wit that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came, feeling an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed; but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it, it deserves such a labour as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this that when he is gone and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning and at the peril of your pleasures' loss and judgments, refuse not nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it. Vale."

[Preface to Quarto 2, 1609].

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, *king of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} *his sons.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} *Trojan commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*

MENELAUS, *his brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} *Grecian commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Troy, and the Grecian camp.*

JOANNES FLETCHER

Troilus and Cressida

The Prologue.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that 's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited

In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant,
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?
Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.
Tro. Still have I tarried.
Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here 's yet in the word 'hereafter,' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.
Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—'When she comes!'—When is she thence?
Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.
Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is crouch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.
Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more comparison between the women: but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—
Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair';
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit.* *An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden

tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. And what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer.

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed,

and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Antenor passes.

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgements in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes

Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man! 210

Pan. Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. 220

Paris passes.

Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Helenus passes.

Pan. That's Helenus: I marvel where Troilus is.

That 's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no; yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there 's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Common Soldiers pass.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well! Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt
he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.
Cres. Adieu, uncle.
Pan. I will be with you, niece, by and by.
Cres. To bring, uncle?
Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.
Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.
[*Exeunt Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway,
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose

It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.
Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.
Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?
Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being dress'd to some oration.'
That's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,

A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.
Ulyss. They tax our policy and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket.*
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How!
Æne. Ay:
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector—Priam is his father—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is 't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough—will, with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils—full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewed'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do ye thus? How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. 'Well!' why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax— [*Ajax offers to strike him.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there: that he: look you there!

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.
Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?
Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,

What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up ?
Tro. Fie, fie, my brother !
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite ?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly shame !
Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so ?
Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest ;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons :
You know an enemy intends you harm ;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm :
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd ? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep : manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What 's aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired;
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried 'Inestimable!' why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves

All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action

For the wild world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.

Enter Thersites, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there 's Achilles, a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and

cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil Envy say amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could ha' remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Patr. Amen.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord.

[*Takes Agamemnon aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.
Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:
his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.
Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.
Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,

We 'll none of him, but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report :
' Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant ' : tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied ;
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought and say he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How doth pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself : pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle ; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself : is 't not strange ?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse ?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.
Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'
Agam. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.
Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired,
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'
Nest. [*Aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
Dio. [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!
Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.
Agam. O, no, you shall not go.
Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!
Nest. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.
Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.
Agam. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.
Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—
Ulyss. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.
Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?
Nest. [*Aside*] An 'twould, you'ld carry half.
Ulyss. [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.
Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.
Nest. [*Aside*] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyss. [*To Agamemnon*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud,—
Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-famed beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war:
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you, a word: do you not follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?
Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir, Helen: could not you find out that by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.
Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall

it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love. still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die:
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

An orchard to Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palates taste indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much, and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the

prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'ld close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection

in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed; O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind self that itself will leave
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
Cres. In that I'll war with you.
Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
'As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,'
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said 'as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! Say 'amen.'

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away! [*Exeunt Tro. and Cres.*
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Grecian camp.

Flourish. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,

In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord, and either greet him not
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is born here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position—
It is familiar—but at the author's drift;

Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! Why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it, for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me

Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost:
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery, with whom relation
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour saved!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, a' stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out:' and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What

think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven of the

clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Troy. A street.

Enter, at one side, Æneas, and Servant with a torch; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That 's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise. Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.

What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we 'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with Servant.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Nor palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more,
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We 'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Court of Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Prithee, tarry:
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.
Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
be good, nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!
Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knock'd i' the head! [*One knocks.*

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.
[*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand

Paris your brother and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy.
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me! 70
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Re-enter Cressida

Cres. How now! what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah! 80

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! What's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death: O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
For her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon: good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste.
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

'O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?'

where he answers again,

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But 'be thou true' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! 'Be true' again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They 're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No:
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord!

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true'; there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.
Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say 'Be't so,'
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour 'No!'

Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*A trumpet sounds.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Grecian camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Flourish. Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's'; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,—
As seld I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O, you, my lord! by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I have said to some my standers by
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I 'ld fight with thee to-morrow:
Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time.
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I 'ld not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach: the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here 's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:
I'll keep you company.
Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so, good night.
[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him

when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?
Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them, Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now, my charge!
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember! yes.
Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I'll tell you what,—
Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.
Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan!
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Tro. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you
Pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come: O Jove! do come: I shall be plagued.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'

Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will a' swagger himself out on 's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm:
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy;
Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery! still wars and lechery! nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade. [*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth:
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth!

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache*
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector! 80
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry 'Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!'
Tro. Away! away!
Cas. Farewell: yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim: 91
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.
Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarum.*
Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.
Tro. Let me read. 100
Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this

girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV.

The field between Troy and the Grecian camp.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the

cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Tro. Fly not, for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy whore, Trojan! Now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee. Live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: yet in a sort lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,

And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there and every where he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'st thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both!
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; ha! have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter Troilus.

How now, my brother!

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.
Now, bull! now, dog! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! now
my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*
Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
[*Exeunt. A retreat sounded.*

Scene IX.

Another part of the field.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!

[*Within*] 'Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!'
Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along: let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene X.

Another part of the field.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector! The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there 'Hector's dead:'
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side,
Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

Glossary

A', he; I. ii. 211.
Abject in regard, held in little estimation (Quarto, "*obiect*"); III. iii. 128.
Abruption, breaking off; III. ii. 67.
Adamant, the loadstone; III. ii. 183.
Addition, title; II. iii. 248.
Additions, virtues, characteristic qualities; I. ii. 20.
Addle, used with play on "idle"; I. ii. 138.
Address, prepare; IV. iv. 146.
Advertised, informed; II. ii. 211.
Afeard, afraid; IV. iv. 82.
Affection, passion, lust; II. ii. 177.
Affined, related, joined by affinity; I. iii. 25.
Affronted, encountered, matched; III. ii. 170.
Against, just before, in expectation of; I. ii. 182.
Albeit, although; III. ii. 138.
Allow, acknowledge; III. ii. 93.
Allowance acknowledgment; I. iii. 377.
An, if, as if; "an 'twere," like, just as (Quartos, Folios, "*and*"); I. i. 79.
Anchises, the father of Æneas; IV. i. 21.
Antics, buffoons; V. iii. 86.
Appear it, let it appear; III. iii. 3.
Appertainments, dignity appertaining to us (Quarto, "*appertainings*"); II. iii. 87.
Apply, explain, interpret; I. iii. 32.
Appointment, equipment; IV. v. 1.
Apprehensions, conception, perception; II. iii. 118.
Approve, prove; III. ii. 178.
Aquilon, the north wind; IV. v. 9.
Argument, subject of a play; Prol. 25.
Argus, the fabulous monster with a hundred eyes; I. ii. 31.
Ariachne's, Arachne's; *i.e.* the spider's (Folios, "*Ariachnes*"; Quarto, "*Ariachnas*"; Pope, "*slight Arachne's*"; Capell, "*is Arachnes*"; Steevens conj. "*Ariadne's* or *Arachnea's*"); V. ii. 152.
Artist, scholar; I. iii. 24.
As, equal to, as good as, III. ii. 53; as if, III. iii. 167.
Aspects, influence; I. iii. 92.
Assinego, ass (Quarto, Folios, "*Asinico*"; Singer conj. "*asnico*"); II. i. 48.
Assubjugate, bring into subjection, debase; II. iii. 194.
Attach'd, "be a. with," have a feeling of; V. ii. 161.
Attaint, taint, stain; I. ii. 26.
Attest, testimony; V. ii. 122.
——, call to witness; II. ii. 132.
Attribute, reputation; II. iii. 119.
Attributive, ascribing excellent qualities (Folios, "*inclineable*"); II. ii. 58.

Barks, ships; Prol. 12.
Battle, army; III. ii. 27.
Beam, heavy lance; V. v. 9.
Beastly, like a beast; V. x. 5.
Beaver, here helmet; properly, the front of the helmet; I. iii. 296.
Beef-witted, with no more wit than an ox (Grey conj. "*half-witted*"); II. i. 14.
Benumbed, deprived of sensation, insensible; II. ii. 179.
Bestowing, functions; III. ii. 37.

Better, used quibblingly—a better man; III. i. 12.
——, "were b.," had better; I. iii. 370.
Bias, originally a term in the game of bowls; here, out of a straight line, awry; I. iii. 15.
Bias cheek, "as the bowl on the biassed side"; IV. v. 8.

'*Blow, villain, till thy bias cheek*,' *etc.*
From a Pompeian wall-painting. (The cheeks are braced as a precaution against dangerous distention.)

Bias-drawing, turning awry; IV. v. 169.
Bi-fold, two-fold, double (Collier MS., "*by foole*"); V. ii. 144.
Black-a-moor, negress; I. i. 80.
Blank of danger, unknown danger; blank = a charter, to which one sets his seal or signature before it is filled up; III. iii. 231.
Blench, start, flinch; I. i. 28.
Blench from, fly off from, be inconstant to; II. ii. 68.
Bless, preserve; II. iii. 32.
Blood, passions, natural propensities; II. iii. 33.
Blown up, grown up (Capell conj. "*grown up*)"; I. iii. 317.
Bob, cheat, trick; III. i. 69.
Bobbed, thumped; II. i. 72.
Bode, forebode, be ominous; V. ii. 191.
Bodements, presages; V. iii. 80.
Bolting, sifting; I. i. 18.
Boot, something into the bargain, advantage; IV. v. 40.
——, "to b.," into the bargain; I. ii. 250.
Boreas, the north wind; I. iii. 38.
Bought and sold, made a fool of; II. i. 50.
Boy-queller, boy-killer; V. v. 45.
Brave, fine, splendid; Prol. 15.
——, defying, bravado; IV. iv. 137.
Bravely, admirably; I. ii. 189.
Brawn, arm (Quarto, "*braunes*"); I. iii. 297.
Breath, breathing, exercise; II. iii. 115.
Breese, gadfly (Quarto, "*Bryze*"; Folio 1, "*Brieze*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Brize*"); I. iii. 48.
Briareus, the fabulous giant who was supposed to have a hundred hands; I. ii. 30.
Bring; "be with you to b.," an idiomatic expression = "to bring as good as I get" (give six for your half-dozen); I. ii. 291, 2.
——, take, IV. v. 53.
——, conduct; IV. v. 286.
Broad, wide (so Quarto; Folios read, "*lowd*" and "*loud*"); I. iii. 27.
——, puffed with pride; I iii. 190.
Broils; "b. in loud applause," "basks in the sunshine of applause, even to broiling" (Schmidt); I. iii. 379.
Broken, interrupted; IV. iv. 48.
Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a "consort." If one or

more instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a "consort," but "broken music" (Chapell); III. i. 50.

Brooch, v. Notes; II. i. 119.

Brotherhoods, associations, corporations; I. iii. 104.

Bruit, rumour; V. ix. 4.

Brushes, hurts; V. iii. 34.

Buss, kiss; IV. v. 220.

By God's lid = by God's eye, an oath; I. ii. 218.

Caduceus, Mercury's rod; II. iii. 13.

Can = can do; II. ii. 135.

Cancer, the zodiacal sign of the summer solstice; II. iii. 198.

Capable; "more c.," abler; III. iii. 307.

Capocchia, "a fabricated feminine form of the Italian word '*capocchio*,' which means a dolt, a simpleton, a fool" (Clarke); (Folios, Quarto, "*chipochia*"; Collier, "*capocchio*"); IV. ii. 31.

Captive, conquered; V. iii. 40.

Carry, carry off, bear off; V. vi. 24.

Catlings, strings of catgut; III. iii. 304.

Centre, earth; I. iii. 85.

Chafe thee, become angry; IV. v. 260.

Chance, chances it; III. i. 137.

Changeful, inconstant; IV. iv. 97.

Change of, exchange for; III. iii. 27.

Chapmen, buyers; IV. i. 75.

Characterless, unrecorded; III. ii. 192.

Characters, figures; I. iii. 325.

Charge, expense; IV. i. 57.

——, "on c.," on compulsion, by your order; IV. iv. 133.

Charon, the ferryman who rowed the souls of the departed over the river Styx; III. ii. 10.

Circumstance, details of argument; III. iii. 114.

Clamours, noises, sounds; I. i. 92.

Cliff, clef or key; a musical term; V. ii. 11.

Clotpoles, blockheads; II. i. 122.

Cloud; "a c. in autumn," a cloud heralding bad weather; I. ii. 131.

Co-act, act, play together; V. ii. 118.

Cobloaf, a crusty, uneven loaf with a round top to it (Malone conj. "*Coploaf*"); II. i. 40.

Cogging, cheating, deceiving; V. vi. 11.

Cognition, perception; V. ii. 63.

Colossus-wise, like a Colossus; V. v. 9.

Compare, comparison; III. ii. 179.

Compassed, round; "c. window," bay-window (Quarto, Folios, "*compast*"); I. ii. 114.

Composure, bond (Folios, "*counsell that*"); II. iii. 102.

Con, learn by heart (Quarto, "*cunne*"); II. i. 18.

Condition, on condition, even though; I. ii. 75.

Conduce, is joined, brought together (Rowe, "*commence*"); V. ii. 147.

Conjure; "I cannot c.," I cannot raise up spirits; V. ii. 125.

Constringed, contracted, cramped; V. ii. 173.

Convince, convict, prove guilty; II. ii. 130.

Convive we, we will feast; IV. v. 272.

Convoy, conveyance; I. i. 107.

Coped, encountered; I. ii. 34.

Core, ulcer; II. i 7.

Cormorant, ravenous (Folio 1, "*cormorant*"); II. ii. 6.

Corse, corpse, body; II. iii. 35.

Counters, round pieces of metal used in counting; II. ii. 28.

Cousin, niece (a title given to any kinsman and kinswoman); I. ii. 44.

Creep in, steal secretly into; III. iii. 134.

Critics, censurers, carpers; V. ii. 131.

Crownets, coronets; Prol. 6.

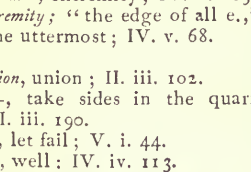
Crushed into, pressed into, mixed with (Warburton, "*crusted into*"); I. ii. 23.
Cunning, powerful; III. ii. 136
Curious, causing care; III. ii. 67.

Daphne, the nymph beloved by Apollo, who fleeing from his pursuit was changed into a laurel tree; I. i. 101.
Darking, darkening, growing dark; V. viii. 7.
Date, dates were commonly used in pastry in Shakespeare's time; I. ii. 269.
Daws, jackdaws; I. ii. 255.
Days, "a whole week by d.." every day for a whole week; IV. i. 9.
Dear, earnest; V. iii. 9.
Death-tokens, "the spots which indicate the approaching death of persons infected with the plague"; II. iii. 179.
Debonair, gentle, meek; I. iii. 235.
Deceptious, delusive; V. ii. 123.
Decline, run through in detail; II. iii. 55.
——, fall; IV. v. 189.
Declined, fallen; IV. v. 189.
Deem, thought; IV. iv. 59.
Deject, dejected; II. ii. 50.
Depravation, detraction; V. ii. 132.
Deputation, power deputed to thee; I. iii. 152.
Deracinate, uproot; I. iii. 99.
Derive, deduce logically; II. iii. 63.
Destiny, fate ["labouring for destiny"="the vicegerent of Fate" (Malone)]; IV. v. 184.
Dexter, right; IV. v. 128.
Diana's waiting-women, *i.e.* the stars; V. ii. 91.
Diminutives, insignificant things; V. i. 34.
Directive, able to be directed; I. iii. 356.
Discourse, reasoning; V. ii. 142.
Discover'd, revealed, disclosed; I. iii. 138.
Discoveries, (?) monstrosities (Hanmer, "*debaucheries*"; Singer (Ed 2), "*discoverers*"; Collier MS., "*discolourers*"); V. i. 27.
Dismes, tenths; II. ii. 19.
Disorb'd, unsphered (Quarto, "*disorbd*"); II. ii. 46.
Dispose, disposition; II. iii. 166.
Disposer, one who can bring another to do anything (or perhaps = entertainer); III. i. 91.
Distains, stains, taints; I. iii. 241.
Distaste, dislike; II. ii. 66.
——, make distasteful; II. ii. 123.
Distasted, made distasteful; IV. iv. 48.
Distraction, despair, madness; V. ii. 41.
Dividable, divided; I. iii. 105.
Double-henned, "perhaps, with a double hen, *i.e.* with a female married to two cocks, and thus false to both" (Schmidt); V. vii. 11.
Draught-oxen, oxen used to draw a cart or plough (Folios, "*draft-oxen*"); II. i. 111.
Drave, urged on; III. iii. 190.
Dress'd, addressed, prepared; I. iii. 166.
Dwells, depends on; I. iii. 336.

Edge, sword; V. v. 24.
Eld, old age (Quarto, "*elders*"; Folios, "*old*"); II. ii. 104.
Elements; "the two moist e.," *i.e.* water and air; I. iii. 41.
Embracement, embracing; IV. v. 148.
Embrasures, embraces; IV. iv. 37.
Emulation, envy, jealousy; II. ii. 212.
Emulous, envious (Folios 1, 2, "*emulations*"; Folios 3, 4, "*emulatious*"); II. iii. 75.
Encounterers, people who meet others half-way; IV. v. 58.
End, kill, destroy; I. ii. 79.
Engine, instrument; II. iii. 137.
Enginer, pioneer; II. iii. 8.
Enter, to enter; II. iii. 189.

Entreat, treat; IV. iv. 113.
——, invite; IV. v. 274.
Envy, malice; III. ii. 99.
Errant, deviating; I. iii. 9.
Errors, deceptions; V. iii. 111.
Exact; "grace exact"; *v.* Note; I. iii. 180.
Exasperate = exasperated; V. i. 30.
Excitements, incitements; I. iii. 182.
Exclaim, outcry; V. iii. 91.
Execute, practise, use; V. vii. 6.
Execution, working; I. iii. 210.
Expect, expectation; I. iii. 70.
Expectance, = expectation; IV. v. 146.
Expressure, expression; III. iii. 204.
Extremes, extremity; IV. ii. 105.
Extremity; "the edge of all e.," to the uttermost; IV. v. 68.

Faction, union; II. iii. 102.
——, take sides in the quarrel; III. iii. 190.
Fail, let fail; V. i. 44.
Fair, well; IV. iv. 113.
Fall, let fall; I. iii. 379.
Fan = winnowing fan; I. iii. 27.

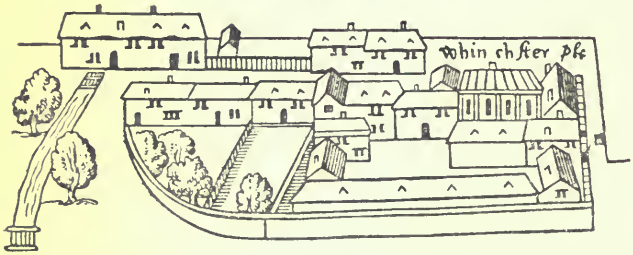


From an emblazoning on the shield of Sir R. de Septvans (d. 1306), in Chartham Church, near Canterbury.

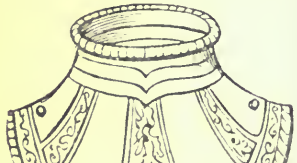
Fancy, love: IV. iv. 25.
——, love (verb); V. ii. 165.
Fat, nourish; II. ii. 48.
Favour, countenance, face; I. ii. 95.
Fee farm, "of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is for ever, reserving a certain rent" (Malone); III. ii. 51.
Fell, fierce, savage; IV. v. 269.
Fills, shafts of a carriage; III. ii. 46.
Finch-egg, a term of contempt; V. i. 37.
Fitchew, polecat; V. i. 63.
Fits, the divisions of a song or tune; (perhaps = "when the humour takes you"); III. i. 58.
Five-finger-tied, tied with all the fingers of the hand; V. ii. 157.
Fixure, stability; I. iii. 101.
Flat tamed, stale, insipid; IV. i. 62.
Fled, have fled (Pope, "*get*"; Capell, "*flee*"; Keightley conj. "*have fled*"); I. iii. 51.
Flexure, bending (Folios, "*flight*"); II. iii. 109.
Flood, ocean, sea; I. i. 105.
——, "in f.," in full flow; I. iii. 300.
Flow to, hasten towards (Johnson conj. "*show too*"); V. ii. 41.
Fonder, more foolish; I. i. 10.
For, against; I. ii. 281.
——, because; V. iii. 21.
Force, power, might; IV. i. 18.
——, stuff; II. iii. 224.
Forced, stuffed; V. i. 60.
Forthright, straight path; III. iii. 158.
Fraction, discord; II. iii. 101.
Fraughtage, freight, cargo; Prol. 13.
Frayed with, frightened by (Quarto, Folios, "*fraid*"); III. ii. 32.
Free, generous, noble-minded; IV. v. 139.
Friend, befriend, favour; I. ii. 79.
Frighting, frightening; V. iv. 34.
Frush, bruise, batter; V. vi. 29.
Fulfilling, filling full; Prol. 18.
Full; "in the f.," in full company, all together; IV. v. 272.
Fusty, mouldy; I. iii. 161.

Gaging, engaging, binding; V. i. 42.

Gait, walk ; IV. v. 14.
Gallantry, gallants ; III. i. 135.
Gear, matter, affair ; I. i. 6.
Generals, collective qualities ; I. iii. 180.
Genius, the spirit supposed to direct the actions of man ; IV. iv. 50.
Glozed, used mere words ; II. ii. 165.
God-a-mercy, used in the sense of Gramercy, many thanks ; V. iv. 33.
Goose of Winchester, strumpet (the houses of ill-fame in London were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester ; the annexed engraving, from Aggas's map in Guildhall, represents the locality—in Southwark—where these houses were situated) ; V. x. 55.



Gored, hurt, wounded ; III. iii. 228.
Gorget, throat armour ; I. iii. 174.



From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

Gracious, holy ; II. ii. 125.
Grated, ground ; III. ii. 192.
Great morning, broad day ; IV. iii. 1.
Greekish, Greek ; III. iii. 211.
——, "all the G. ears," *i.e.* the ears of all the Greeks ; I. iii. 67.
Grossness, bulk ; I. iii. 325.

Hair, grain ; "against the h." = against the grain ; I. ii. 28.
Hale, drag ; IV. v. 6.
Hamstring, tendon of the knee-joint ; I. iii. 154.
Hardiment, hardihood ; IV. v. 28.
Hare, timid (Folios, "*hard*") ; II. ii. 48.
Hatch'd, engraved ; "h. in silver," probably = silver-haired ; I. iii. 65.
Hateful, full of hate ; IV. i. 33.
Have at thee, be warned ; V. iv. 24.
Having, possessions, endowments ; III. iii. 97.
Heart ; "from h. of very h.," from my heart's core ; IV. v. 171.
Heaving, swelling, resentful ; II. ii. 196.
Hedge aside, creep along by the hedge (Quarto, "*turne*" ; Collier "*edge*") ; III. iii. 158.
Him, himself ; I. ii. 287.
His, its ; I. iii. 210.
His, = 's ; "Mars his idiot" = Mars's idiot ; II. i. 57.
Hold, regard as, look upon as ; II iii. 191.

Holding, keeping (Quarto, "*keeping*"); II. ii. 52.
Honesty, chastity; I. ii. 284.
Hot, rash; V. iii. 16.
However, although; I. iii. 322.
Hoy-day, an exclamation; V. i. 69.
Hulks, large, heavy ships (Folios, "*bulkes*"); II. iii. 267.
Humorous, capricious; II. iii. 132.
Humours, caprices, I. ii. 23.
Hung, made linger; IV. v. 188.
Hurricano, water-spout; V. ii. 172.
Hurt, do harm; V. iii. 20.
Husbandry, thrift; I. ii. 7.
Hyperion, the sun-god, Phœbus Apollo; II. iii. 199.

Idle, used with play on "addle"; I. ii. 139.
——, useless; V. i. 30.
Ignomy, ignominy (Quarto, "*ignomyny*"); V. x. 33.
Ilion, Troy (Quarto, Folios 1, 2, "*Illion*"); II. ii. 109.
Immaterial, worthless; V. i. 35.
Immures, walls (Folio 1, "*emures*"); Prol. 8.
Impair, unsuitable, inappropriate (Quarto, "*impare*"; Capell, "*impar*"; Johnson conj. "*impure*"); IV. v. 103.
Imperious, imperial; IV. v. 172.
Imposition, injunction, the task imposed; III. ii. 81.
Impressure, impression; IV. v. 131.
Imputation, reputation; I. iii. 339.
In, in the estimation of; II. ii. 56.
——, within, internally, mentally; III. iii. 97.
Inches; "even to his i.," most thoroughly, exactly; IV. v. 111.
Includes, ends, comes to an end (Quarto, "*include*"); I. iii. 119.
Indrench'd, immersed (Rowe, "*intrench'd*"); I. i. 51.
Infect, infected; I. iii. 187.
Infinite, infinity, immense greatness; II. ii. 29.
Inseparate, indivisible; V. ii. 148.
Insisture, persistency, constancy; I. iii. 87.
Instance, proof; V. ii. 153, 155.
Instant; "take the i. way," serve the present time; III. iii. 153.

Jove's accord, *i.e.* with Jove's accord, assent; I. iii. 238.

Keep, lodge, dwell; IV. v. 278.
Ken, know; IV. v. 14.

Last, at last, in the end; I. iii. 124.
Lavolt, *i.e.* the *lavota*, a lively dance; IV. iv. 86.
Lazars, lepers; II. iii. 36.
Learn, teach, tell; II. i. 22.
Leather jerkin, a short leathern coat; III. iii. 266.
Leavening, the admixing of sour dough; I. i. 20.
Leave to see, give up seeing; V. i. 99.
Let blood, bleed; II. iii. 214.
Libya; "the banks of L.," the African desert; I. iii. 328.
Lie, you lie; III. iii. 162.
Lief, willingly; I. ii. 107.
Lifter, cheat, thief (used quibblingly); I. ii. 121.
Light, quickly (Quarto, Folio 1, "*harnest lyte*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*harnest light*"; Theobald, "*harness-dight*"); I. ii. 8.
Like, likely; III. iii. 42.
Like as, as if; I. ii. 7.
Likes not you, does not please (Folios, "*likes not me*"); V. ii. 103.
Lime-kilns i' the palm, *i.e.* gouty lumps (chalk-stones) in the hand; V. i. 25.
Look upon, be a spectator; V. vi. 10.
Lover; "your l.," one who loves you; III. iii. 214.
Lunes, mad freaks (Folios, "*lines*"; Quarto, "*course, and time*"); II. iii. 133.
Lust, pleasure; IV. iv. 132.
Lustihood, high spirits; II. ii. 50.
Luxurious, lustful; V. iv. 9.

Luxury, lust; V. ii. 55.

Maculation, stain; IV. iv. 64.
Maiden battle, unbloody combat; IV. v. 87.
Mail, coat of mail, armour; III. iii. 152.
Main, general; I. iii. 373.
——, full force; II. iii. 263.
Manage, direction, administration; III. iii. 25.
Mark, attend, listen to; V. vii. 2.
Mars his helm, Mars' helmet (his = possessive); IV. v. 255.
Marvellous = marvellously (Pope's unnecessary emendation; Quarto, Folio 1, "*maruel's*"; Folios 2, 3, "*marvel's*"); abbreviated form of "marvellously"; I. ii. 141.
Mastic, *v.* note; I. iii. 73.
Match, *i.e.* "I'll lay my life"; IV. v. 37.
Matter, business; IV. ii. 61.
May, can; V. ii. 161.
Means not, = means not to be; I. iii. 288.
Medicinable, medicinal (Quarto, Folios, "*med'cinable*"); I. iii. 91.
Mends; "she has the mends in her own hands"; probably a proverbial expression = "she must make the best of it"; I. i. 68.
Mere, absolute; I. iii. 111.
Merry Greek, boon-companion; "The Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); I. ii. 112.
Mill-stones; "to weep mill-stones" was a proverbial expression which meant "to remain hard and unfeeling as a stone," = "not to weep at all"; I. ii. 149.
Milo, the famous Greek athlete, who was said to be able to carry a bull; II. iii. 248.
Mirable = admirable, worthy of admiration; IV. v. 142.
Miscarrying, being defeated, killed; I. iii. 351.
Misprizing, undervaluing; IV. v. 74.
Moiety, part; II. ii. 107.
Moist, wet, damp; I. iii. 41.
Monstruosity, unnaturalness; III. ii. 28.
Monumental, memorial; III. iii. 153.
Moral, meaning; IV. iv. 107.
Motive, instrument, moving limb; IV. v. 57.
Multipotent, almighty; IV. v. 129.
Myrmidon; "the great m.," *i.e.* Achilles, the chief of the myrmidons; I. iii. 378.

Nail, finger-nail; IV. v. 46.
Neglection, neglect; I. iii. 127.
Nice, accurate; IV. v. 250.
Nod; "to give the nod" was a term in the game of cards called Noddy; the words meant also "a silly fellow, a fool"; I. ii. 203.
Noise, rumour; I. ii. 12.
Nothing, nothing is; I. iii. 239.

Oblique (?) indirect (Hanmer, "*antique*"; Warburton, "*obelisque*"); V. i. 56.
Odd; "to be o.," to be at odds; IV. v. 265.
Oddly, unequally; I. iii. 339.
O'er-eaten, "eaten and begnawn on all sides"; V. ii. 160.
O'erfalled, inflamed; V. iii. 55.
O'er-wrested, strained (Pope's reading; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, 3, "*ore-rested*"; Folio 4, "*o're-rested*"; Delius conj. "*o'er-jested*"); I. iii. 157.
Of, by; I. i. 71; II. iii. 191.
——, on; III. iii. 265.
On, of; I. i. 71; III. iii. 304.
——, with, by; II. ii. 143.
——, in; III. ii. 27.
——, "crying on," crying out on; V. v. 35.
One; "'tis all one," it is all the same; I. i. 80.
Opes, opens; I. iii. 73.
Opinion, reputation; I. iii. 336; I. iii. 373.

Opinion, self-conceit, arrogance; III. iii. 265.
Oppugnancy, opposition; I. iii. 111.
Orchard, garden; III. ii. 16.
Orgulous, proud, haughty; Prol. 2.
Orifex, orifice, aperture; V. ii. 151.
Orts, remnants; V. ii. 158.
Overbulk, overtower; I. iii. 320.
Owes, ownes; III. iii. 99.
Oyes, hear ye!; attend! the usual introduction to a proclamation; IV. v. 143.

Pace, step, degree; I. iii. 132.
Pageant, theatrical exhibition; III. ii. 76.
Pageants, mimics; I. iii. 151.
Painted cloths, hangings for walls; V. x. 47. (*Cp.* illustration in *As You Like It.*)
Palating, perceiving by taste; IV. i. 59.
Palter, trifle, shuffle; II. iii. 234.
Paradoxes, absurdities (Johnson conj. "*parodies*"); I. iii. 184.
Parallels, *i.e.* parallel lines; I. iii. 168.
Pard, leopard; III. ii. 198.
Part, party, side; I. iii. 352.
Parted; "how dearly ever p.," however richly endowed by nature; III. iii. 96.
Partial, to which they are inclined; II. ii. 178.
Particular; "toucheth my p.," I am personally concerned; II. ii. 9.
——, personal, with play upon *general*; IV. v. 20.
Parts, gifts, endowments; III. iii. 117.
Parts of nature, natural gifts; II. iii. 243.
Party, side; II. ii. 156.
Pash, strike (Quarto, "*push*"); II. iii. 205.
Pashed, struck down; V. v. 10.
Pass, experience, suffer (Collier MS., "*poise*"); II. ii. 139.
Passed, = surpassed, beggars description; I. ii. 173.
Past proportion, immensity; II. ii. 29.
Patchery, gross and bungling hypocrisy; II. iii. 73.
Peace, be still, be silent; I. i. 92.
Peevish, foolish; V. iii. 16.
Pelting, paltry; IV. v. 267.
Perdition, destruction; V. ii. 145.
Perforce, of necessity; I. iii. 123.
Performance, carrying out; II. ii. 196.
Per se, by himself, pre-eminent; I. ii. 15.
Perseus' horse, Pegasus, the winged horse ridden by Perseus; I. iii. 42.
Persistive, patient, persevering; I. iii. 21.
Person, personal appearance; IV. iv. 79.
Pertly, saucily; IV. v. 219.
Pheeze, make to hurry, drive, beat; II. iii. 207.
Pia mater, brain; II. i. 74.
Piece, cask of wine; IV. i. 62.
Pight, pitched; V. x. 24.
Placket, petticoat, woman; II. iii. 22.
Plague; "the p. of Greece," "alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army" (Johnson); II. i. 13.
Plaguy, pestilently (used with play upon the word "death-tokens"); II. iii. 179.
Plantage, anything planted ("plants were supposed to improve as the moon increases") (Nares); III. ii. 181.
Poised, weighed, balanced; I. iii. 339.
Politic regard, a look full of meaning; perhaps, shrewd, or sly; III. iii. 254.
Porpentine, porcupine; II. i. 27.
Port, gate; IV. iv. 111.
Possess, put you in possession, inform; IV. iv. 112.
Possession; "her p.," possession of her; II. ii. 152.
Power, armed force; I. iii. 139.

Pregnant, ready ; IV. iv. 88.
Prenominate, foretell ; IV. v. 250.
Presented, represented, depicted ; III. ii. 76.
Presently, immediately ; II. iii. 142.
Pricks, points ; I. iii. 343.
Primogenitive, right of primogeniture (Quarto, "*primogenitie*" ; Rowe, "*primogeniture*") ; I. iii. 106.
Private soul, personal opinion ; IV. v. 111.
Prodigious, portentous ; V. i. 96.
Proof, the thing which is proved ; V v. 29.
Proof of more strength, stronger proof ; V. ii. 113.
Propend, incline ; II. ii. 190.
Propension, inclination ; II. ii. 133.
Proper, handsome, comely ; I. ii. 200.
——, own ; II. ii. 89.
Propugnation, means of combat, defence ; II. ii. 136.
Protractive, prolonged ; I. iii. 20.
Prove=prove ourselves ; III. ii. 93.
Pun, pound, dash to pieces ; II. i. 41.
Puttock, kite ; V. i. 64.

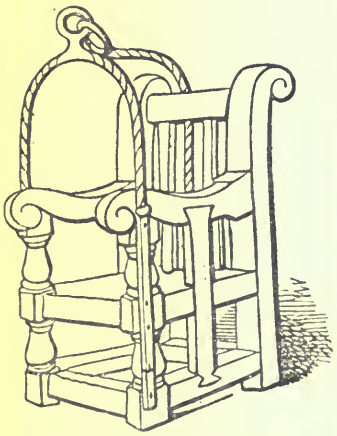
Quality, cause, reason ; IV. i. 44.
——, "full of q.," highly accomplished ; IV. iv. 76.
Question, conversation, intercourse ; IV. i. 11.

Rank, rankly ; I. iii. 196.
Ransack'd, stolen, carried off ; II. ii. 150.
Rape, carrying off ; II. ii. 148.
Rash, urgent, hasty (Rowe, "harsh") ; IV. ii. 61.
Reck not, care not ; V. vi. 26.
Recordation, remembrance ; "to make a r. to my soul," *i.e.* to recall to mind ; V. ii. 116.
Recourse, frequent flowing ; V. iii. 55.
Rein ; "in such a r.," bridles up ; I. iii 189.
Rejoindure, joining again ; IV. iv 36.
Relation, report, narration ; III. iii 201.
Reproof, confutation, refutation ; I iii. 33.
Repured, refined, purified (Folios, "*reputed*") ; III. ii. 21.
Respect, deliberation, reflection ; II. ii. 49.
Respect, *i.e.* the respect due to thee ; V. iii. 73.
Retire, retreat ; V. iii. 53 ; V. iv. 21.
Retort, throw back ; III. iii. 101.
Revolt, rebellion ; V. ii. 146.
——, rebel ; V. ii. 144.
Rheum, cold, watering ; V. iii. 105.
Ribald, noisy (Ingleby conj. "*rabble*") ; IV. ii. 9.
Rich ; "the r. shall have more," probably alluding to the Scriptural phrase, "To him that hath shall be given" ; I. ii. 205.
Right, exactly ; I. iii. 170.
Rive, be split ; I. i. 35.
Roisting, roistering ; II. ii. 208.
Roundly, plainly ; III. ii. 158.
Rub on, and kiss the mistress, "The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call the *Jack* seems, in Shakespeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress*. A bowl that kissed the *Jack* or *mistress* is in the most advantageous position. *Rub on* is a term at the same game" (Malone) ; III. ii. 50.
Ruin, overthrow, fall ; V. iii. 58.
Ruth, pity ; V. iii. 48.
Ruthful, piteous ; V. iii. 48.

Sacred, consecrated (an appropriate epithet of royalty) ; IV. v. 134.
Sagittary, Centaur ; V. v. 14.
Salt, bitter ; I. iii. 371.
Sans, without ; I. iii. 94.
Savage strangeness, unpolished rude reserve ; II. iii. 129.

Scaffoldage, the woodwork of the stage (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Scaffolage*"; Quarto, "*Scoaffollage*"); I. iii. 156.
Scaled, having scales; V. v. 22.
Scantling, small portion; I. iii. 341.
Scar, wound; I. i. 114.
Scorn, laugh to scorn, make a mock of; I. i. 114.
Sculls, shoals (Folios, "*sculs*"; Pope, "*shoals*"; Anon. conj. "*schools*"); V. v. 22.
Seam, lard; II. iii. 187.
Secure, over-confident; II. ii. 15.
Securely, carelessly, confidently; IV. v. 73.
See = see each other; IV. iv. 57.
Seeming, show; I. iii. 157.
Seethes, is urgent, in hot haste; III. i. 41.
Seld, seldom; IV. v. 150.
Self-affected, self-loving; II. iii. 240.
Self-breath, his own words; II. iii. 174.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. iii. Stage Direc.
Sequestering, separating, putting aside; III. iii. 8.
Serpigo, eruption on the skin, leprosy; II. iii. 76.
Set to, oppose to; II. i. 90.
Severally, separately; IV. v. 274.
Severals, individual qualities; I. iii. 180.
'Sfoot, a corruption of *God's foot*; II. iii. 5.
Shame, disgrace; V. iii. 73.
She, woman; I. ii. 301, 303.
Shent, put to shame, reviled; II. iii. 82.
Shipmen, seamen, sailors; V. ii. 172.
Shoeing-horn, "the emblem of one who is a subservient tool to the caprices of another"; V. i. 57.
Short-armed, not reaching far (Dyce conj. "*short-aimed*"); II. iii. 15.
Should, would; I. iii. 112, 114, 115, 116, 118.
Shrewd, cunning, keen; I. ii. 197.
Shrewdly, quite, badly; III. iii. 228
Shrills forth, utters loudly; V. iii. 84.
Sick, envious; I. iii. 133.
Sieve, wicker basket, voider (Quarto, "*sine*"; Folio 1, "*same*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*place*"; Delius conj. "*sink*"; Anon. conj. "*safe*"); II. ii. 71.
Sinister, left; IV. v. 128.
Sith, since; I. iii. 13.
Skilless, ignorant; I. i. 12.
Sleave silk, soft floss silk used for weaving; V. i. 31.
Sleeveless, bootless; V. iv. 9.
Sluttish, unchaste (Collier conj. "*skittish*"); IV. v. 62.
Smile at, mock at, laugh derisively at (Hanmer, "*smite all Troy*"; Warburton, "*smite at Troy*"; etc.); V. x. 7.
So, in such a way; under such conditions; II. ii. 145.
Soilure, stain (Quarto, "*soyle*"); IV. i. 56.
Sometime = sometimes; I. iii. 151.
Sort, lot; I. iii. 376.
——, manner; V. x. 5.
Sorts, befits, is fitting; I. i. 109.
Specialty; "the s. of rule," *i.e.* "the particular rights of supreme authority" (Johnson); (Folios 3, 4, "*speciality*"); I. iii. 78.
Speculation, the power of seeing; III iii. 109.
Spend his mouth, bark; V. i. 94.
Sperr, shut, bar (Theobald's emendation of Folios 1, 2, "*Stirre*"; Collier MS., "*Sparre*"; Capell, "*Sperrs*"); Prol. 19.
Sphered, placed in a sphere; I. iii. 90
——, rounded, swelled; IV. v. 8.
Spirits (monosyllabic); Prol. 20.
Spleen, fit of laughter; I. iii. 178.
——; "the weakest s." = "the dullest and coldest heart"; II. ii. 128.
Spleens, impulses, caprices; II. ii. 196.
Splinter, splintering, breaking; I. iii. 283.
Spoils, prey; IV. v. 62.
Spritely, spirited; II. ii. 190.

Square, judge; V. ii. 132.
Stale, vapid, used up (Quarto, "*pale*"); II. ii. 79.
——, make common, vulgarize; II. iii. 193.
Starts, startles; V. ii. 101.
State; "this noble s.," stately, noble train; II. iii. 112.
Stickler-like, like an umpire in a combat; V. viii. 18.
Still, continually, always; IV. v. 195.
Stithied, forged; IV. v. 255.
Stomach, inclination (with a quibble on other sense = courage); IV. v. 264.
Stomach, courage; II. i. 131.
Stool for a witch (the subjoined engraving represents a specimen of the ducking-stool belonging to the corporation of Ipswich); II. i. 6.



Straight, straightway, immediately; III. ii. 16.
Strain, difficulty, doubt (Keightley conj. "*doubt*"); I. iii. 326.
——, impulse; II. ii. 154.
Strange, reserved; II. iii. 240.
Strawy, resembling straw (Folios, "*straying*"); V. v. 24.
Stretch'd, affected, exaggerated; I. iii. 156.
Stygian banks, banks of the river Styx, the river of the infernal regions over which Charon ferried the souls of the dead; III. ii. 9.
Subduements, victories; IV. v. 187.
Subscribes, submits, yields; IV. v. 105.
Substance, wealth; I. iii. 324.
Success, result, issue; I. iii. 340.
Sufferance, suffering; I. i. 28.
Suffocate = suffocated; I. iii. 125.
Sum, count up; II. ii. 28.
Sunburnt, tanned by the sun, hence plain, not fair; I. iii. 282.
Suppose, supposition; I. iii. 11.
Sure, surely; V. ii. 126.
Swath, grass cut by the scythe; V. v. 25.
Swounding, swooning (Quarto, Folios, "*Sounding*"; Pope, "*Swooning*"); III. ii. 22.

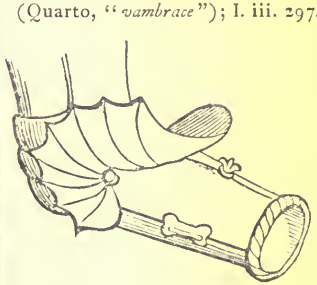
Tables, tablets; IV. v. 60.
Tabourines, drums; IV. v. 275.
Tarre on, incite, urge on; I. iii. 392.
Tender objects, tender feeling; IV. v. 106.
Tent, probe for searching a wound; II. ii. 16.
Tercel, male hawk (the annexed engraving represents a falconer on the borders of a lake arousing the ducks to flight that the hawk may strike them); III. ii. 54.

From Queen Mary's Psalter (XIVth cent.) Royal MS. 2B vii.

Tetchy, touchy, peevish (Quarto, Folios, "*teachy*"); I. i. 99.
That, that person; II. iii. 191.
Thetis, a sea-goddess, mother of Achilles; "confounded with *Tethys*, the wife of Oceanus, and used for the sea, the ocean" (Schmidt); I. iii. 39.
Thicker, quicker; III. ii. 36.
This = this way, thus; I. ii. 12.
Through warm, thoroughly warmed; II. iii. 224.
Throw my glove, challenge; IV. iv. 63.
Thwart, athwart, crosswise; I. iii. 15.
Tick, an insect; III. iii. 312.
Tickle it, make him pay; V. ii. 177.
Ticklish, wanton (Folios, "*tickling*"); IV. v. 61.
Tide, right time; V. i. 86.
Titan, the god of the sun; V. x. 25.
Tithe, tenth; II. ii. 19.
To, in addition to; I. i. 7.
——, compared to; I. iii. 344.
——, set to, onward; II. i. 114.
Toast, a dainty morsel (Beckett conj. "*tot*"; Halliwell conj. "*boast*"); I. iii. 45.
Topless, immeasurably high, supreme (Warburton, "*stopless*"); I. iii. 152.
Tortive, distorted; I. iii. 9.
Traded, practised, professional; II. ii. 64.
Train, entice, draw; V. iii. 4.
Transportance, transport; III. ii. 11.
Troy walls, the walls of Troy; I. iii. 12.
Trump, trumpet; III. iii. 210.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. iii. 256.
Turtle, turtle-dove; III. ii. 182.
'Twixt, between; II. ii. 64.
Typhon = Typhorus, a fabulous giant, who attempted to dethrone Jove, but was defeated and imprisoned under Etna; I. iii. 160.

Unarm'd, when unarmed; I. iii. 235.
Uncomprehensive, incomprehensible, mysterious; III. iii. 198.
Undergo, undertake; III. ii. 81.
Under-honest, "too little honourable"; II. iii. 127.
Underwrite, submit to; II. iii. 131.
Ungracious, hateful; I. i. 92.
Unity; "if there be rule in u. itself," *i.e.* "If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if there be a rule that one is one" (Johnson); V. ii. 141.
Unknown; "u. Ajax," *i.e.* "having abilities which were never brought into view or use" (Johnson); III. iii. 125.
Unmingled (quadrisyllabic); I. iii. 30.
Unplausive, displeased (Quarto, "*unpaulsive*"); III. iii. 43.
Unrespective, used at random; II. ii. 71.
Unsquared, not shaped or adapted to the purpose (Quarto, "*unsquare*"); I. iii. 159.
Untraded, unhackneyed; IV. v. 178.
Unwholesome, un-appetizing; II. iii. 123.
Usage, treatment; IV. iv. 119.
Use, utility; "dear in use" = very useful; III. iii. 128.
Use to, make a practice; II. i. 51.

Vail, setting; V. viii. 7.
Valiantly, bravely, finely (used ironically); I. ii. 129.
Vantbrace, armour for the arm (Quarto, "*vambrace*"); I. iii. 297.



From a specimen in the Meyrick collection.

Varlet, servant to a knight; I. i. 1.

——, (?) = harlot (perhaps the old spellings show a blending of (1) varlet and (2) harlot; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, 3, "*varlot*"; Thirlby conj. "*harlot*"); V. i. 18.

Vassalage, vassals; III. ii. 38.

Vaunt, first beginning; Prol. 27.

Venomous, malignant; IV. ii. 12.

Vents, outlets; V. iii. 82.

Very, mere; III. iii. 126.

Villain, a term of endearment; III. ii. 33.

Vindicative, vindictive; IV. v. 107.

Vinewed'st, most mouldy (Quarto, "*vnsalted*"; Folios, "*whined'st*"; Theobald, "*unwinnow'd'st*"; etc.); II. i. 15.

Violenteth, is violent, doth rage; IV. iv. 4.

Vizarded, covered with a mask or *vizor* = masked; I. iii. 83.

Voices, applause, applauding voices; I. iii. 382.

Voluntary = voluntarily; II. i. 99, 100, 101.

Waftage, passage; III. ii. 10.

Wails, bewails; IV. v. 289.

Willet, knapsack; III. iii. 145.

Ward, guard (a term in fencing); "at what w.," in what posture of defence; I. ii. 280.

Ware, aware; IV. ii. 56.

Watched, a term in falconry; hawks were kept from sleeping = watched, to tame them; III. ii. 43.

Waterflies, used contemptuously, the emblem of vanity; V. i. 34.

Watery, watering, desiring; III. ii. 20.

Weather; "keeps the w.," has the advantage; = weather-gage (a nautical term); V. iii. 26.

Weeds, garments; III. iii. 239.

When that = when; I. iii. 81.

Where, so that; IV. iv. 33.

Whom, which; III. iii. 201.

Whosoever, let him be whosoever he will; I. ii. 199.

Without, externally, physically; III. iii. 97.

Works = work, what we have been able to accomplish (Singer conj. "*mocks*"; Collier MS., "*wrecks*"; Kinnear conj. "*wars*"); I. iii. 18.

Worth, worthy of; V. iii. 93.

Worthier = men worthier; II. iii. 128.

Wrest, instrument for tightening the strings of a harp (used here figuratively); III. iii. 23.

Yond, yonder; IV. v. 13.

Notes.

Prol. 15. '*six-gated city*'; Theobald, '*six gates i' th' city.*'

Prol. 16. '*Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,*' so Folios; Theobald reads, '*Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian*'; Capell, '*Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan.*'

Prol. 17. '*Antenorides*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Antenonidus*'; Pope reads, '*Anteroridas.*'

Prol. 23. '*A prologue arm'd*'; *i.e.* clad in armour instead of in a black cloak, which was the usual garb of the speaker of the Prologue.

Prol. 28. '*Beginning in the middle*'; Theobald reads, '*'Ginning i' th' middle.*'

I. i. 31. '*So, traitor!* — "*When she comes!*" — *When is she thence?*'; Quarto, '*So traitor then she comes when she is thence*'; Folios, '*So* (*Traitor*) *then she comes, when she is thence.*'

I. i. 37. '*a storm*'; Rowe's correction of Quarto, '*a scorne*'; Folios 1, 2, '*a-scorne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*a-scorn.*'

I. i. 45. '*praise her*'; so Quarto; Folios read, '*praise it.*'

I. i. 55. '*Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,*' etc.; Theobald, '*discourse—how white her hand*'; similar emendations have been proposed, but probably '*that her hand*'='that hand of hers.'

I. i. 78-79. '*as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday*'; *i.e.* as beautiful in her worst dress as Helen in her 'Sunday best.'

I. ii. 162. '*two and fifty*'; so Quarto, Folios; Theobald reads, '*one and fifty*'; '*hairs*'; Quarto reads, '*heires.*'

I. ii. 250. '*an eye*'; so Quarto; Folios read, '*money*'; Collier conj. '*one eye.*'

I. ii. 300. '*joy's soul lies in the doing,*' so Quarto, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read, '*the soules joy lyes in dooing.*' Mason conj. '*dies*'; Seymour conj. '*lives,*' etc.

I. iii. 31. '*thy godlike*'; Theobald's emendation; Quarto, '*the godlike*'; Folios, '*thy godly*'; Pope, '*thy goodly.*'

I. iii. 54. '*Retorts*'; Dyce's emendation; Quarto, Folios read, '*Retires*.'

I. iii. 70-75. Omitted in Quarto.

I. iii. 73. '*Mastic*,' perhaps a corrupt form of *L. mastigia*, a rascal that ought to be whipped; later, a scourge; the more usual form of the word was 'mastix,' *cp.* '*Histriomastix*.'

I. iii. 92. '*ill aspects of planets evil*'; so Folios; Quarto, '*influence of euill Planets*.'

I. iii. 153. '*And, like a strutting player*.' *Cp.* the accompanying illustration, where Apollo as a quack doctor, and his assistant, are helping Charon, who is old and blind, to mount the steps of the stage.

From a Greek vase in the Hope collection.

I. iii. 220. '*Achilles*'; Johnson conj. '*Alcides*'.'

I. iii. 238. '*And, Jove's accord*,' *i.e.* 'And, Jove granting or favouring'; various emendations have been proposed on the supposition that the passage is corrupt.

I. iii. 315, 354-356. Omitted in Quarto.

II. i. 30-32. '*When thou art . . . another*'; omitted in Folios.

II. i. 119. '*brooch*'; Rowe, '*brach*'; Malone conj. '*brock*.'

II. ii. 77. '*an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive*,' *i.e.* "Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax" (Malone).

II. ii. 110. '*Our firebrand brother, Paris*,' alluding to Hecuba's dream that she should be delivered of a burning torch.

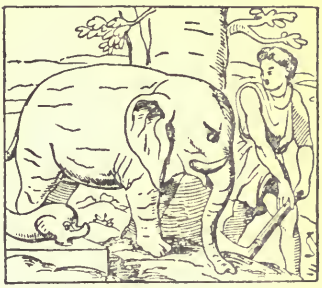
II. ii. 166. '*Aristotle thought*'; Rowe and Pope proposed '*graver sages think*,' to save Shakespeare from the terrible anachronism. It has been pointed out that Aristotle speaks of political and not of moral philosophy; and, further, that Bacon makes the same mistake in his *Advancement of Learning*, Book II. (published 1605).

II. iii. 69. '*of the prover*,' the reading of Quarto; Folios read, '*to the Creator*'; Rowe (ed. 2), '*to thy creator*'; Capell, '*of thy creator*.'

II. iii. 82. '*He shent our*,' Theobald's emendation; Quarto reads, '*He sute our*'; Folios, '*He sent our*.'

II. iii. 108. '*The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy*.' "The popular opinion in the Middle Ages was that the elephant had no flexibility of legs, that they were jointless, and that he rested and

slept by leaning against a tree, which being adroitly cut down, left him at the mercy of his captors."



'*The elephant so huge and stronge to see,*
No perill fear'd; but thought a sleepe to gaine,
But foes before had undermin'de the tree,
And downe he falles; and so by them was slaine.'
From Whitney's *Emblems*, 1596.

II. iii. 144. '*Enter you*'; so Folios; Quarto reads '*entertaine.*'

III. i. 111. The reading of Folios; omitted in Quarto.

III. ii. 70. '*fears*'; so Folio 3; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, '*teares*'; Folio 4, '*tears.*'

'*Pride hath no other glass.*'

III. ii. 157. '*show*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*shew* = showed.'

III. iii. 4. '*through the sight I bear in things to love*'; (?) 'through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection'; Johnson proposed '*Jove*' for '*love*,' reading, '*through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandoned*,' etc., but Jove favoured the Trojans. No very satisfactory explanation has been advanced.

III. iii. 30. '*In most accepted pain*,' = trouble willingly undergone. Hanmer suggested '*pay*' for '*pain.*'

III. iii. 47, 48. '*pride hath no other glass to show itself but pride.*' "The allusion seems borrowed from the emblematic pictures of Pride, common

to the Shakespearian era," one of which, from Kuchlein's illustrations of the festivities at Stuttgart in 1609, is here reproduced.

III. iii. 110. '*mirror'd*,' the reading of Singer MS. and Collier MS.; Quarto, Folios. '*married*'; Keightley, '*arrived*'; etc.

III. iii. 175. '*One touch of nature makes the whole world kin*,' *i.e.* one touch of human nature, one natural trait, shows the kinship of all mankind, viz. that they praise new-born gawds, and are always hankering after novelty.

III. iii 194. '*one of Priam's daughters*'; *i.e.* 'Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom she was afterwards killed by Paris.'

III. iii. 303. '*the fiddler Apollo*.' In the mythological art of the Shakespearian era, the *lyre* is often replaced by a *fiddle* in the hands of Apollo as is illustrated in the accompanying cut, copied from a volume descriptive of the festivities held at Antwerp in 1582.

'*The fiddler Apollo*.'

IV. ii. 73. '*secrets of nature*'; so Folios; Quarto, '*secrets of neighbor Pandar*'; Theobald, '*secret'st things of nature*'; Hanmer, '*secretest of natures*,' etc., etc.

IV. iv. 4. '*violenteth in a sense as strong, As that which*'; so Quarto; Folios read, '*no lesse in . . . As that which*,' etc.; Pope, '*in its sense is no less strong, than that Which*.'

IV. iv. 75-78. The reading in the text is Staunton's; many emendations have been proposed, but this is generally accepted by modern editors.

IV. iv. 144-148; v. 165-170. Omitted in Quarto.

IV. v. 29. Omitted in Folios; the reading of Quarto; Collier MS. reads, '*And parted you and your same argument*.'

IV. v. 59. '*accosting*,' Theobald's conj.; Quarto, Folios, '*a coasting*'; Collier MS., '*occasion*'; etc.

IV. v. 142. '*Neoptolemus so mirable*'; Hanmer reads, '*Neoptolemus' sire so mirable*'; Warburton, '*Neoptolemus's sire irascible*'; Collier conj. '*Neoptolemus so admirable*,' etc.

V. i. 23-26. '*raw . . . tetter*,' the reading of Quarto; omitted in Folios, substituting '*and the like*.'

V. i. 58. '*hanging at his brother's leg*'; so Folios; Quarto reads, '*at his bare leg*.'

V. ii. 75. '*Well said, whetstone.*' *Cp.* the subjoined illustrative drawing from an old book of emblems.

> '*The whettstone is a knave that all men know,*
> *Yet many on him doe much cost bestowe:*
> *Hee's us'd almost in every shoppe, but whye?*
> *An edge must needs be set on every lye.*'

V. iii. 20-21. '*as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts*'; Tyrwhitt's conj.; Folios read, '*as lawfull: For we would count give much to as violent thefts.*'

V. iii. 112. The Folio here inserts:—

> "PAND. *Why, but heare you?*
> TROY. *Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame*
> *Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.*"
>
> *Cf.* Sc. x.

V. vii. 6. '*aims*'; so Capell; Quarto, Folio 2, '*armes*'; Folio 1, '*arme*'; Folios 3, 4, '*arms.*'

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

Preface.

The First Edition. *Coriolanus* was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was originally placed at the head of the division of "Tragedies," occupying pages 1-30; subsequently, however, *Troilus and Cressida* was placed before it. The text of the play is extremely unsatisfactory, due to the careless transcript put into the printers' hands.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Nov. 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

The Date of Composition. There is no definite external evidence for the date of *Coriolanus*; * general considerations of style, diction, and metrical tests † point to 1608-1610 as the most probable years, and justify us in placing it next to *Antony and Cleopatra*, closely connected with it by consideration of subject and source.

The Source of the Plot. *Coriolanus* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens*, and which has been fittingly described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." North's monumental version is one of the masterpieces of English prose, and no better proof exists than a comparison of the play with its original. Shakespeare has

* The reference to the "ripest mulberry" (III. ii. 79) was thought by Malone and Chalmers to bear on the date: for in 1609 the King made an attempt to encourage the breeding of silkworms. Similarly, Chalmers found in the references to famine and death allusions to the year 1609. Political allusions have also been found. All these doubtful pieces of evidence seem utterly valueless.

† The light-endings and weak-endings, scanty in all the previous plays (the largest number being 21 of the former, and 2 of the latter, in Macbeth), reach the number of 71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony;* 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus;* 78 and 52 in *Cymbeline;* 42 and 25 in *The Tempest;* 57 and 43 in *The Winter's Tale.* All these are plays of Shakespeare's Fourth, or last, Period.

borrowed North's very vocabulary, and many of his most striking effects; so closely does he follow the whole history that North's prose may actually assist in restoring a defective passage; *e.g.* in Act II. Sc. iii. ll. 251-253 the folio reads:—

> "And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
> Was his great Ancestor;"

the lines are obviously corrupt, owing to the loss of some words, or of a whole line; the passage is adequately restored simply by "following Shakespeare's practice of taking so many of North's words in their order, as would fall into blank verse," and there is little doubt that it should be printed thus:—

> "[And *Censorinus that was so surnamed,*]
> And nobly named so, *twice* being *Censor;*"

the words given in italics are those taken from North. As an instance of the closeness of the play to its original the following lines afford an excellent illustration:—

> "Should we be silent *and not speak, our raiment*
> *And state of bodies would bewray what life*
> *We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself*
> *How more unfortunate than all living women*
> *Are we come hither;*"

Shakespeare has here merely touched with the magic of his genius these words of North:—"If we held our peace (my son) and determined *not* to *speak*, the *state of* our poor *bodies*, and present sight of *our raiment*, *would* easily *bewray* to thee *what life we have led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad. But *think* how *with thyself*, *how* much *more unfortunately* * *than all* the *women living we are come hither*." The same correspondence is found in the other great speech of the play; "the two speeches," as Mr George Wyndham excellently observes, "dressed the one in perfect prose, the

* "*Unfortunately*" in the editions of 1579, 1595, 1603; but "*unfortunate*" in the 1612 edition; hence some scholars argue that Shakespeare must have used the late edition, and that the play must therefore be dated 1612 or after; the argument may, however, be used the other way round; the emendation in the 1612 edition of North may have been, and probably was, derived from Shakespeare's text.

In this connection it is worth while noting that there is a copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch* in the Greenock Library, with the initials "W. S." In the first place it is not certain that the signature is genuine; in the second, if it were proved to be Shakespeare's, it would merely seem that Shakespeare possessed this late edition of the work. *Julius Cæsar* is sufficient evidence that he possessed a copy of one of the early editions. It happens that in the Greenock copy there are some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and these seem to me to tell against the genuineness of the initials on the fly-leaf. *Vide* Skeat's "*Shakespeare's Plutarch*," Introduction.

other in perfect verse, are both essentially the same under their faintly yet magically varied raiment."

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarised on its title-page :—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579."

A worthy tribute to North's memory is the noble edition of his work, now in course of publication, in the "Tudor Translation Series," issued by Mr Nutt, with an introductory study of rare excellence by Mr Wyndham; his dedicatory words should be remembered :—"THIS TRANSFIGURATION IN UNFADING ENGLISH OF AN IMMORTAL BOOK."

Duration of Action. The time of this play is eleven days represented on the stage with intervals, arranged as follows :—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Interval.* *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii. *Interval.* *Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iii. to x. *Interval.* *Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i. *Interval.* *Day* 5, Act II. Sc. ii. to Act IV. Sc. ii. *Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. iv. and v. *Interval.* *Day* 8, Act IV. Sc. vi. *Interval.* *Day* 9, Act IV. Sc. vii. *Interval.* *Day* 10, Act V. Sc. i.-v. *Interval.* *Day* 11, Act V. Sc. vi

The actual Historical time represented in this play "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A.U.C. 266" (*vide New Shak. Soc. Transactions*, 1877)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Caius Marcius, afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
Titus Lartius, Cominius, } generals against the Volscians.
Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } tribunes of the people.
Young Marcius, son of Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
Tullus Aufidius, general of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus.
Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus.
Valeria, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

Scene: *Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.*

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the

object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He 's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.
First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
Men. What then?
'Fore me this fellow speaks! what then? what then?
First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—
Men. Well, what then?
First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.
First Cit. You 're long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—
First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?
First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?
First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!
Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What 's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,

Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: what's the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius! 250

First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon. 260

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is:
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,

his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam: how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome': his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Fol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!
Vol. She shall, she shall.
Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.
Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.
Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.
Vol. Why, I pray you?
Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.
Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.
Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.
Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.
Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.
Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.
Vir. Indeed, madam?
Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others, on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!
[*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of— Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I. [*Marcius is shut in.*
First Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

Scene V.

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did

Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set we against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII

A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that 's what I can: induced
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical ;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we 'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear
The addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no : howbeit, I thank you :
I mean to stride your steed ; and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent ;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate

For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He 's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour 's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give

me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you

are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Vir. } Nay, 'tis true.
Val. }

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a man to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother!
Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.
Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home:
And welcome, general: and ye 're welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.
Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
Brutus and Sicinius come forward.
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours; which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of

the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank and to remember

With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all's his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend the time to end it.
Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.
First Sen. Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.
Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a

monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not desired nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies,

you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here;
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus. I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I 'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*
He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man? 160
First Cit. He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.
First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.
Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure. 170
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?
Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all

Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incensed against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Com. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.
Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—
Men. Not now, not now.
First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. 'Shall'! 90
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, &c. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying,* 'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!' 'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'

'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay! hold! peace!'
Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.
Confusion's near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen. The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—
Men. Be gone:
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*
First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease,
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do 't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We 'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place. We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I 'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Coriolanus's house.
Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
A Patrician. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required

I should do so in honour. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them—
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I

Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready. 10

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death,'
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

First Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother.
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'ld with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Then when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?
Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He 'ld make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
[*Exeunt Vol. and Vir.*
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence
are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go
to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, 10
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to
such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!
Sec. Serv. 'Away!' get you away.
Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.
Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow's this?
First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*
Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.
Third Serv. What are you?
Cor. A gentleman.
Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am.
Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.
Cor. Follow your functions, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*
Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*
Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?
Cor. Under the canopy.
Third Serv. Under the canopy!
Cor. Ay.
Third Serv. Where's that?
Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I 'ld have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? speak, man: what 's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what 's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, thou wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tired, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say 'Tis true,' I'ld not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat;
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Sec. Serv. Who? my master?

First Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let 's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

Sec. Serv. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

First Serv. Directitude! what's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently: you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

First and Sec. Serv. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Rome. A public place.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter Menenius.

Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours.

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell me not:
I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work !
Men. What news ? what news ?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What 's the news ? what 's the news ?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news ?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news ?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If !
He is their god : he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? we loved him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here comes the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye 're goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Capitol?
Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong
when we banished him.
Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,

To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, and Sicinius and Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No, I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake 't:
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Entrance to the Volscian camp before Rome.
Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must return : our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

First Sen. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified ;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing : therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot

office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. [*Gives him a letter.*] Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,

Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, ye 're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends

That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child, to see
The son, the husband and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans,
'This we received'; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,

To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,

And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, by and by:—
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy

his mother shall bring from him: there is no more
mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger;
that shall our poor city find: and all this is long
of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good
unto us. When we banished him, we respected
not them; and, he returning to break our necks,
they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Music still, with shouts.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them.
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, served his designments
In mine own person, holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours; the commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgements, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for 't.

All the People. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds-in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus: Aufidius stands on his body.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead march sounded.

Glossary.

Abated, down-trodden, beaten-down (S. Walker conj. "*abased*"); III. iii. 132.
Absolute, perfect; IV. v. 139.
Abused, deceived; III. i. 58.
Addition, title; I. ix. 66.
Advanced, raised, uplifted; I. vi. 61.
Affect, desire, aim at; II. ii. 23.
Affecting, aiming at; IV. vi. 32.
Affection, inclination, tendency; I. i. 107.
Affections, inclinations, desires; I. i. 180.
Affects, aims at; III. iii. 1.
Afric, Africa; I. viii. 3.
After, afterwards; II. ii. 55.
After your way, after you have told his story in your own way; V. vi. 58.
Against, over against, in the way of; III. i. 247.
Age, lifetime; IV. vi. 51.
Ages, time, life; III. i. 7.
Alarum, call to arms; II. ii. 79.
All, any; III. i. 143.
——, "all gaze"; the gaze of every eye; I. iii. 8.
——, "all our lamentation"; *i.e.* "the sorrow of us all"; IV. vi. 34.
Allaying, tempering, diluting; II. i. 49.
Allow, acknowledge; III. iii. 45.
Allowance, acknowledgement; III. ii. 57.
Amazonian chin, chin beardless as that of a female warrior; II. ii. 94.
An. if; II. i. 136.
Ancient, old, former, IV. i. 3; inveterate; II. i. 236; IV. v. 102.
Anon, at once; II. iii. 147, 150.
Answer, meet in battle; I. ii. 19.
——, take advantage; II. iii. 265.
——, punishment, answering of a charge; III. i. 177.
Answering, requiting, paying the debt due to us; V. vi. 67.
Antiates, people of Antium; III. iii. 4.
Antique, old; II. iii. 124.
Appeared, apparent (Hanmer, "*affeer'd*"; Warburton, "*appeal'd*"; Jackson conj. "*apparel'd*"); IV. iii. 9.
Approbation, "upon your a.," for the purpose of confirming your election; II. iii. 150.
Apron-men, mechanics; IV. vi. 96.
Apt, susceptible; III. ii. 29.
Arabia, the Arabian desert; IV. ii. 24.
Are to, belong to; I. i. 276.
Arithmetic, calculation; III. i. 245.
Arm yourself, prepare yourself; III. ii. 138.
Arriving, having reached; II. iii. 187.
Article, condition; II. iii. 202.
Articulate, enter into negotiations; I. ix. 77.
As, as if; I. i. 22, 216.
——, as that; II. i. 239.
——, as that with which; III. iii. 74.
Assembly (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 158.
Assistance, persons assisting (Hanmer, "*assistants*"; Walker, "*assistancy*"); IV. vi. 33.
At, at the price of; V. vi. 46.
At a word, in a word, in short; I. iii. 116.

At home, in my own home; I. x. 25.
Atone, reconciled; IV. vi. 72.
At point, on the point of; III. i. 194.
Attach, arrest; III. i. 175.
Attend, listen; I. ix. 4.
——, await; II. ii. 163.
Attended, waited for; I. x. 30.
Attends, awaits; I. i. 78.
Auburn, probably flaxen (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Abram*"); II. iii. 21.
Audible, quick of hearing; IV. v. 232.
Augurer, soothsayer; II. i. 1.
Austerity and garb, austere demeanour; IV. vii. 44.
Authority, those in power; I. i. 16.
Avoid, quit; IV. v 25.
——, get you gone; IV. v. 33.

Baes, cries *ba*; II. i. 11.
Bald, senseless; III. i. 165.
——, uncovered, bareheaded; IV. v. 200.
Bale, harm, injury; "must have b.," "must get the worst of it"; I. i. 166.
Bare; "a b. petition,"=a mere petition; V. i. 20.
Bats, heavy sticks; I. i. 58.
Batten, grow fat; IV. v. 33.
Battle, army drawn up in battle array; I. vi. 51.
Beam; "below the b. of sight," farther down than the range of sight; III. ii. 5.
Beard to beard, face to face; I. x. 11.
Bear the knave, bear being called knave; III. iii. 33.
Because that, because; III. ii. 52.
Bemock, intensive form of *mock*; I. i. 260.
Be naught, be lost; III. i. 231.
Bended, made obeisance, bowed; II. i. 273.
Be off, take my hat off; II. iii. 105.
Be put, come; III. i. 233.
Best, *i.e.* best, chief men; I. ix. 77.
Bestrid, bestrode, *i.e.* stood over to defend a fallen soldier; II. ii. 96.
Be that I am, show myself in my true character; I. x. 5.
Bewray, reveal, show, betray; V. iii. 95.
Bisson conspectuities, purblind powers of sight (Folios 1, 2, "*beesome*"; Folios 3, 4, "*beesom*" and "*Besom*"); II. i. 66.
Bleeding, *i.e.* "without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt); II. i. 79.
Bless'd, happy; II. ii. 61.
Bless from, preserve from; I. iii. 48.
Blood, offspring, son; I. ix. 14.
Blown, swollen; V. iv. 49.
Bolted, sifted, refined; III. i. 322.
Bonnet, cap, hat; III. ii. 73.
Bonneted, *i.e.* unbonneted, took off their caps or bonnets (Johnson conj. "*unbonnetted*"); II. ii. 29.
Bosom multiplied, "the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people" (Malone); III. i. 131.
Botcher, patcher of old clothes; II. i. 92.
Bountiful, bountifully; II. iii. 107.
Brand, stigma; III. i. 304.
Brawn, brawny or muscular part of the arm; IV. v. 123.
Break his neck, cause his downfall, destroy him; III. iii. 30.
Breathe you, take breath; I. vi. 1.
Briefly, a short time ago, lately; I. vi. 16.
Broils, wars; III. ii. 81.
Broke, broken; IV. iv. 19.
Brow-bound, crowned; II. ii. 101.
Budge, flee, flinch; I. vi. 44.
Bulks, the projecting parts of shops on which goods were exposed for sale; II. i. 218.
Bussing, kissing; III. ii. 75.
By, at; I. vi. 5.
——, in comparison with; I. x. 18.
——, next to, near; III. i. 101.

Cambric, a fine white linen stuff; I. iii. 89.

Came off, escaped; II. ii. 115.
Canker'd, corrupted, polluted; IV. v. 94.
Canopy, *i.e.* the canopy of heaven, the sky; IV. v. 40.
Capital, deadly; V. iii. 104.
Capitulate, make terms; V. iii. 82.
Caps and legs, salutations, obeisance; II. i. 70.
Carbonado, a piece of meat cut and slashed for broiling; IV. v. 194.
Casque, helmet; IV. vii. 43.
Catched, caught; I. iii. 66.
Cats, a term of contempt (Collier MS., "*Curs*"; Staunton conj. "*Bats*"; Gould conj. "*Rats*"); IV. ii. 34.
Cause, occasion, opportunity; II. iii. 200.
——, quarrel; III. i. 235.
——, "as c. will be obey'd," as occasion shall dictate; I. vi. 83.
Cautelous, crafty; IV. i. 33.
Censure, judgment; I. i. 271.
——, sentence; III. iii. 46.
Censured, estimated; II. i. 22.
Centuries, bodies of a hundred men; I. vii. 3.
Centurions, Roman officers who had the command of a hundred soldiers; IV. iii. 47.
Chafed, vexed, angered; III. iii. 27.
Change of honours, fresh honours, variety of honours (Theobald, "*charge*"); II. i. 207.
Charge, cost; V. vi. 68.
Charg'd, would charge; IV. vi. 112.
Charges, troops, companies; IV. iii. 48.
Charter, privilege; I. ix. 14.
Chats, chats of, gossips about; II. i. 216.
Choice; "at thy c.," do as you like; III. ii. 123.
Choose, fail to; IV. iii. 39.
Chose, chosen; II. iii. 160.
Circumvention, the power of circumventing; I. ii. 6.
Clapp'd to, quickly shut; I. iv. 51.
Clean kam, quite from the purpose; *kam* = crooked; III. i. 304.
Clip, embrace; I. vi. 29.
Cluck'd, called, as a hen does (Folio 1, "*clock'd*"); V. iii. 163.
Clusters, mobs; IV. vi. 122.
Clutch'd, if there were clutched; III. iii. 71.
Cockle, weed which grows in cornfields; III. i. 70.
Cog, cheat, cozen; III. ii. 133.
Coign, corner; V. iv. 1.
Come off, come out of the battle; I. vi. 1.
Comfortable, cheerful; I. iii. 2.
Commanded, entrusted with a command; I. i. 265.
Commandment, command; II. iii. 236.
Commend, recommend, introduce; IV. v. 147.
Common, commons, people; I i. 154.
Common part, share in common; I. ix. 39.
Companions, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. v. 14.
Complexions, temperaments, dispositions; II. i. 220.
Compounded, agreed; V. vi. 84.
Conclude, decide; III. i. 144.
Condemned, (?) damnable; I. viii. 15.
Condition, disposition; II. iii. 101.
Confirmed, determined, resolute; I. iii. 63.
Confound, waste; I. vi. 17.
Confusion, ruin; III. i. 110.
Conies, rabbits; IV. v. 220.
Conn'd, learned; IV. i. 11.
Consent of, agreement about; II. iii. 25.
Constant, true to my word; I. i. 242.
Contrived, plotted; III. iii. 63.
Convented, convened; II. ii. 57.
Converses, is conversant, associates; II. i. 51.

Corioli walls, the walls of Corioli; I. viii. 8.
Cormorant, ravenous; I. i. 124.
Countenance, mere patronage; V. vi. 40.
Counterpoised, equalled, counterbalanced; II. ii. 90.
Country (trisyllabic); I. ix. 17.
Courage, plain speaking (Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*carriage*"); III. iii. 92.
Crack, boy (slightly contemptuous); I. iii. 72.
Cracking, breaking; I. i. 72.
Crafted fair, made nice work of it; IV. vi. 118.
Cranks, winding passages; I. i. 140.
Cry, pack; III. iii. 120.
——, proclaim; III. i. 275.
Cudgel, thick stick; IV. v. 153.
Cunning, knowledge; IV. i. 9.
Cupboarding, hoarding; I. i. 102.
Curded, congealed (Folios, "*curded*"; Rowe, "*curdled*"); V. iii. 66.
Cypress grove, grove of cypress trees (Folios, "*Cyprus grove*"); I. x. 30.

Dances, causes to dance; IV. v. 119.
Daws, jackdaws (daws were considered as emblems of chattering and foolish persons); IV. v. 46.
Debile, weak; I. ix. 48.
Declines, falls; II. i. 170.
Deed-achieving honour, honour gained by achievement; II. i. 182.
Deliver, narrate, tell your tale; I. i. 98.
——, show; V. vi. 141.
Deliver'd, reported; IV. vi. 63.
Demand, ask; III. iii. 43.
Demerits, merits; I. i. 275.
Deserved, deserving; III. i. 292.
Designments, designs; V. vi. 35.
Despite, spite; III. iii. 139.
Determine, terminate, end; III. iii. 43.
Determined of, decided, concerning; II. ii. 40.
Deucalion, the Greek Noah; II. i. 95.
Devour, destroy; I. i. 261.
Dieted, fed up; I. ix. 52.
Differency, difference (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "*difference*"); V. iv. 11.
Directitude, a coined word not understood; IV. v. 216, 217.
Disbench'd, drove from your seat; II. ii. 74.
Discharge, perform (technical term for playing a part upon the stage); III. ii. 106.
Disciplined, thrashed; II. i. 132.
Disease, disturb, spoil; I. iii. 111.
Disgrace, humiliation; I. i. 97.
Dishonour'd, dishonourable; III. i. 60.
Disposition, five syllables; I. vi. 74.
Dispropertied, taken away (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*disproportioned*"); II. i. 256.
Dissentious, seditious, rebellious; I. i. 167.
Distinctly ranges, stands upright; III. i. 206.
Doit, the smallest piece of money, worth half a farthing; a common metaphor for a trifle; I. v. 7.
Dotant, dotard; V. ii. 46.
Doublets, the inner garments of a man; I. v. 7.
Doubt, fear; III. i. 152.
Drachma, an ancient Greek coin (Folios 1, 2, "*Drachme*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Drachm*"; Staunton, "*dram*"); I. v. 6.
Drop, shed; I. v. 19.

Each way, in every way; III. i. 49.
Ears; "by the e.," quarrelling; I. i. 236.
Edge, sword; I. iv. 29.
Effected, achieved; I. ix. 18.
Embarquements, probably embargo, restrain, hinderance (Rowe, "*Embarkments*"; Hanmer, "*Embankments*"; Warburton, "*Embarrments*," etc.); I. x. 22.

Embracements, embraces; I. iii. 4.
Empiricutic, quackish (probably a coined word); (Folios 1, 2, "*Emperickqutique*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Empericktique*"; Pope, "*Emperic*"; Collier MS., "*Empiric physic*"); II. i. 121.
Emulation, envious contention; I. i. 217.
End; "for an e.," to bring matters to a crisis (according to some = to cut the matter short); II. i. 252.
End all his, make all his own at last ("end," a provincial term for getting in a harvest); V. vi. 37.
Endure, remain; I. vi. 58.
Enemy (used adjectively; Folio 4, "*enemy's*"); IV. iv. 24.
Enforce, urge, lay stress upon; II. iii. 225.
Enter'd in, acquainted with; I. ii. 2.
Entertainment, engaged for service; IV. iii. 48.
——, reception; IV. v. 10.
Envied against, shown malice, ill-will toward (Becket conj. "*inveigh'd*"); III. iii. 95.
Envy, hatred, malice; III. iii. 3.
Envy you, show hatred against you (Keightley, "*envy to you*"); III. iii. 57.
Estimate, worth; III. iii. 114.
Even, equably; IV. vii. 37.
Ever, ever, always the same; II. i. 201.
Exposture, exposure; IV. i. 36.
Extol, praise, laud; I. ix. 14.
Extremities, urgent necessity; III. ii. 41.

Factionary, taking part in a quarrel; V. ii. 30.
Factions, parties, sides in a quarrel; I. i. 196.
Fall in, fail in granting; V. iii. 90.
Fair, kind, conciliatory; III. iii. 91.
Fairness, best; I. ix. 73.
Falsely, treacherously; III. i. 60.
Fame and envy, detested or odious fame; I. viii. 4.
Fane, temple; I. x. 20.
Fatigate, fatigued, wearied; II. ii. 120.
Favour, countenance, look; IV. iii. 9.
Fear, fear for; I. vii. 5.
Feebling, weakening; I. i. 198.
Fell, cruel; I. iii. 48.
Fellest, cruellest, fiercest; IV. iv. 18.
Fidiused, beaten; "jocularly formed from the name of Aufidius" (Folios, "*fiddious'd*"); II. i. 137.
Fielded, in the field; I. iv. 12.
Fillip, strike, beat; V. iii. 59.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 194.
Fires of heaven, stars; I. iv. 39.
First, first-born (Heath conj. "*fierce*"; Keightley, "*fairest*"; Cartwright conj. "*dear'st*"); IV. i. 33.
Fit o' the time, present distemperature; III. ii. 33.
Fit you, fit yourself; II. ii. 145.
Flamens, priests; II. i. 221.
Flaw, gust; V. iii. 74.
Flouted, mocked; II. iii. 165.
Fob off, trick, cheat; I. i. 97.
Foil'd, defeated; I. ix. 48.
Fold-in, enclose; III. iii. 68.
Fond, foolish; IV. i. 26.
Fool, play the fool; II. iii. 126.
For, as for; I. i. 68.
——, against; II. ii. 91.
Force, urge; III. ii. 51.
Fore-advised, advised, admonished beforehand; II. iii. 197.
'Fore me, an oath; probably used instead of "*'fore God*"; I. i. 123.
Forgot, forgotten; IV. iii. 3.
Forsworn to grant, sworn not to grant; V. iii. 80.
Forth, forth from, out of; I. iv. 23.
——, gone; IV. i. 49.
For that, because; I. i. 116.
Fosset-seller, seller of fossets or taps (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Forset*"; Folio 4, "*Fauset*"); II. i. 73.

Four, (?) used of an indefinite number; I. vi. 84.
Foxship, ingratitude and cunning; IV. ii. 18.
Fragments, a term of contempt; I. i. 225.
Frame, fashion; III. ii. 84.
Free, liberal; III. ii. 88.
Free contempt, unconcealed contempt; II. iii. 206.
Freelier, more freely; I. iii. 3.
From the canon, against established rule (Mason takes the words to mean "according to rule; alluding to the absolute veto of the tribunes"); III. i. 90.
Front, confront; V. ii. 43.
Full quit of, fully revenged upon; IV. v. 86.
Full third part, by a full third; V. vi. 78.
Further, further business; II. iii. 179.

Gall'd, hurt, wounded; II. iii. 201.
Gan, began; II. ii. 118.
Gangrened, mortified, diseased; III. i. 307.
Garland, crown, glory; I. i. 187.
——, *i.e.* the oaken garland, the prize of victory; II. ii. 104.
Gave him way, gave way to him; V. vi. 32.
Gave me, made me suspect; IV. v. 153.
General louts, stupid bumpkins; III. ii. 64.
Generosity; "to break the heart of g.," *i.e.* "to give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson); I. i. 214.
Gentry, gentle birth; III. i. 143.
Giber, scoffer; II. i. 85.
Giddy, thoughtless; I. i. 271.
Gird, taunt, jeer at; I. i. 259.
Give, represent; I. ix. 55.
Give me excuse, excuse me, pardon me; I. iii. 114.
Give me way, yields to me; IV. iv. 25.
Given, given the power; III. i. 93.
Godded, idolized; V. iii. 11.
God-den, good even (Folio 4, "*good-e'en*"); II. i. 97.
Gone, ago; I. ii. 6.
Good, rich, with play upon literal sense of the word; I. i. 16.
——, good quality; I. ix. 32.
—— (used ironically); IV. vi. 70.
Good condition, used in double sense; (1) good terms of treaty; (2) good character; I. x. 6.
Good report, reputation, I. ix. 54.
Got on, won from; III iii. 4.
Grace, show honour to; V. iii. 15.
Gracious, lovely and loveable; II. i. 184.
Grained ash, rough, tough ashen spear; IV. v. 111.
Gratify, requite; II. ii. 43.
Greater part, majority; II. iii. 41.
Grief-shot, sorrow-stricken; V. i. 44.
Groat, coin of the value of fourpence; III. ii. 10.
Guard; "upon my brother's g.," under the protection of my brother; I. x. 25.
Guess, think, imagine; I. i. 18.
Gulf, whirlpool; I. i. 100.

Had carried, might have carried (or had in effect carried); V. vi. 43.
Had purpose, intended; IV. v. 122.
Hale, haul; V. iv. 40.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; II. i. 272.
Hang by the wall, be useless; I. iii. 12.
Hap, happen, chance; III. iii. 24.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. ii. 75.
Has, he has (Folio 3, "*Ha's*" Folio 4, "*H'as*"); III. i. 161.
Haver, he who has it, possessor; II. ii. 88.
Have struck, have been striking; I. vi. 4.
Have them into, get themselves into; II. ii. 30.

Have with you, I am with you, come on; II. i. 278.
Havoc, merciless destruction; III. i. 275.
Head; "made new head," raised a fresh army; III. i. 1.
Hear hither, hear the sound here; I. iii. 32.
Heart, sense; II. iii. 210.
Helms, those at the helm, *i.e.* the leaders; I. i. 79.
——, helmets; IV. v. 128.
Helps, remedies; III. i. 221.
Here, "at this point, suiting the action to the word" (Wright); III. ii. 74.
Hereto, hitherto; II. ii. 63.
Hie, hasten; I. ii. 26.
Him, *i.e.* this one; I. vi. 36.
Hint, occasion, that which gives matter and motive; III. iii. 23.
Hob and Dick, familiar names of clowns; *Hob* diminutive of Robert (*cp.* colloquial use "Tom, Dick, and Harry"); II. iii. 121.
Hold, bear; III. ii. 80.
Holloa, cry hollo! after me, pursue (Folios, "*hollow*"); I. viii. 7.
Holp, helped; III. i. 277.
Home, to the utmost; I. iv. 38.
——, thoroughly; "speak him h.," adequately praise him; II. ii. 106.
Honour'd, honourable; III. i. 72.
Hoo, an exclamation of joy; II. i. 110.
Hoop'd, *i.e.* whooped, hollowed, hooted; IV. v. 81.
Horse-drench, physic for a horse; II. i. 123.
Hospitable canon, sacred law of hospitality; I. x. 26.
Hours, time (Rowe (ed. 2), "*honours*"); I. v. 5.
Housekeepers, keepers, stayers at home; I. iii. 54.
Hum, to make a sound expressive of contempt or anger (Quartos, "*hem*"); V. i 49.
Humorous, full of whims and humours; II. i. 47.
Hungry, sterile; V. iii. 58.
Husbandry, management; IV. vii. 22.
Huswife, housewife; I. iii. 74.
Hydra, the fabulous serpent with many heads killed by Hercules; III. i. 93.

Impediment; "your i.," "the obstacles opposed by you"; I. i. 74.
Imperfect, faulty (as a magistrate); II. i. 50.
In, of; II. ii. 14.
——, into; II. iii. 264, III. ii. 91.
——, by; III. i. 210.
——, on; III. iii. 102.
Incorporate, forming one body; I. i. 133.
Infirmity, weakness; "of their i.," subject to the same faults and failings as they; III. i. 82.
Information, the source of information, informant; IV. vi. 53.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 89.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 34.
Inheritance, possessor; III. ii. 68.
Inherited, realised, enjoyed; II. i. 207.
Injurious, insulting; III. iii. 69.
Injury, sense of wrong; V. i. 64.
Innovator, one who changes things for the worse; III. i. 175.
Interims, intervals; I. vi. 5.
Interjoin, cause to intermarry; IV. iv. 22.
Issues, children; IV. iv. 22.
It is, he is (used contemptuously); IV. v. 46.

Jack guardant, a Jack on guard; V. ii. 64.
Jealous queen of heaven, *i.e.* Juno, the guardian of conjugal fidelity; V. iii. 46
Judicious, judicial; V. vi. 127.

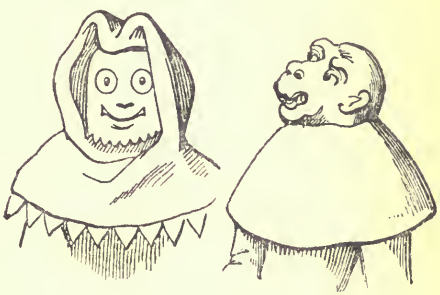
Jump, risk, hazard (Pope, "*vamp*"; Singer (ed. 2), "*imp*"); III. i. 154.

Kick'd at, scorned, spurned; II. ii. 127.
Knee, go on your knees; V. i. 6.

Lack'd, had lost; III. ii. 23.
Lamentation; "to all our l.," to the sorrow of us all; IV. vi. 34.
Larum, alarm, the call to arms; I. iv. 9.
Late, lately; III. i. 196.
Lay, lodged; I. ix. 82.
Leads, leaden roofs of the houses; IV. vi. 82.
Leash, the string or chain by which a greyhound is held; I. vi. 38.
Leasing, falsehood; V ii. 22.
Leave, leave off; I. iii. 90.
Leaves, leave; IV. v. 136.
Lenity, mildness, want of severity; III. i. 99.
Lesser, less (Folios 1, 2, "*lessen*"; Rowe, "*Less for*"); I. vi. 70.
Lesson'd, taught by us; II. iii. 183.
Let go, let it go, let it pass; III. ii. 18.
Lets, he lets; II. ii. 15.
Lies, lodges, dwells; IV. iv. 8.
Lies you on, is incumbent upon you; III. ii. 52.
Lieve, lief, gladly (Folios 2, 3, "*live*"; Folio 1, "*liue*"; Capell, "*lief*"); IV. v. 181.
Like, equal; I. i. 103.
——, likely; I. iii. 14.
Liking, good opinion, favour; I. i. 198.
Limitation, required time; II. iii. 144.
List, listen, hear; I. iv. 20.
——, pleasest; III. ii. 128.
Lockram, coarse linen; II. i. 217.
Long of you, owing to you; V. iv. 32.
'Longs, belongs; V. iii. 170.
Looks, seems likely, promises (Hanmer, "*works*"); III. iii. 29.
Lose, waste, by preaching to them in vain; II. iii. 64.
Lots to blanks = all the world to nothing (lots = prizes in the lottery; the reference is to the value of the lots, not to the number); V. ii. 10.
Lover, loving friend; V. ii. 14.
Lurch'd, robbed; II. ii. 104.

Made doubt, doubted; I. ii. 18.
Made fair hands, made good work; IV. vi. 117.
Made head, raised an army; II. ii. 91.
Maims of shame, shameful, disgraceful injuries; IV. v. 89.
Make a lip, curl up my lip in contempt; II. i. 120.
Make good, hold, defend; I. v. 13.
Malice, hatred; II. i. 236.
Malkin, kitchen-wench; probably contraction of Matilda; II. i. 216.
Mammocked, tore in pieces; I. iii. 69.
Man-entered, initiated into manhood; II. ii. 102.
Manifest, notorious; I. iii. 54.
Mankind, (i.) masculine; (ii.) a human being; IV. ii. 16.
Many, multitude (Folio 1, "*meynie*"; Folios 2, 3, "*meyny*"); III. i. 66.
Mark, power; II. ii. 92.
Match, bargain; II. iii. 85.
Measles, scurvy wretches; III. i. 78.
Meed, reward; II. ii. 100.
Memory, memorial; IV. v. 74.
Mercy; "at m.," at the mercy of the conquered; I. x. 7.
Merely, absolutely; III. i. 305.
Met, are met (Hanmer, "*meet*"; Capell, "*are met*"; Anon. conj. "*we've met*"); II. ii. 50.
Microcosm, little world; II. i. 64.
Minded, reminded; V. i. 18.
Minnows, small fry; III. i. 89.
Mirth; "our better m.," "our mirth, which would be greater without her company" (Schmidt); I. iii. 111.

Misery, wretchedness, poverty; II. ii. 130.
Mock'd, scoffed at; II. iii. 164.
Modest, moderate; III. i. 275.
Moe, more; II. iii. 130.
Monster'd, exaggerated; II. ii. 80.
More, greater; III. ii. 124.
Mortal, fatal; II. ii. 114.
——, mortally; V. iii. 189.
Motion, motive; II. i. 51.
——, "your loving m. towards," "your kind interposition with" (Johnson); II. ii. 56.
Mountebank their loves, play the mountebank to win their love; III. ii. 132.
Movers, loafers in search of plunder; I. v. 5.
Mull'd, flat, insipid; IV. v. 233.
Multitudinous tongue, the tongues of the multitude; III. i. 156.
Mummers, maskers, masqueraders; II. i. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Name, credit; II. i. 142.
Napless, threadbare; II. i. 242.
Native, origin, source (Johnson and Heath conj. "*motive*"); III. i. 129.
Nature, natural disposition; IV. vii. 41.
Navel, centre; III. i. 123.
Needer, the man needing the advantage; IV. i. 44.
Nerves, sinews; I. i. 141.
Nervy, sinewy; II. i. 169.
Never-needed; "so n.n.," *i.e.* never so needed; V. i. 34.
Nicely-gawded, daintily bedecked (Lettsom conj. "*nicely-guarded*"); II. i. 225.
Noble, nobles; III. i. 29.
Noble touch, tested nobility; IV. i. 49.
Noise and horn, noisy horn; III. i. 95.
Nose, to scent; V. i. 28.
Not, not only (Hanmer, "*not only*"); III. iii. 97.



(*a*) (*b*)

Mummers.

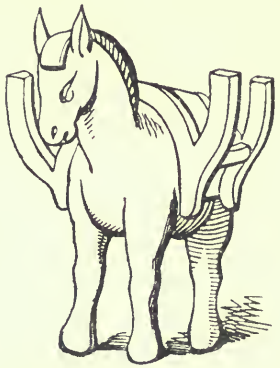
(*a*) From the *Romance of Fauvel* in the National Library, Paris.
(*b*) From a MS. in the Bodleian Library copied by Strutt.

Muniments, supplies of war; I. i. 121.
Murrain: "a m. on't," a plague upon it (an oath); I. v. 3.
Muse, wonder; III. ii. 7.
Mutineers, mutineers; I. i. 253.
My horse to yours, I'll wager my horse to yours; I. iv. 2.
Note, notice; I. ix. 49.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 105.
Notion, understanding; V. vi. 107.
Now, just; I. ix. 79.

Object, sight; I. i. 20.

Occupation: "the voice of o.," *i.e.* "the votes of the working men"; IV. vi. 97.
O'er-beat, overwhelm (Folios, "*o're-beat*"; Rowe, "*o'er-bear*"; Becket conj. "*o'er-bear't*"); IV. v. 134.
O'er-peer, rise above; II. iii. 126.
Of, from; II. iii. 243.
——, concerning; I. i. 272
——, by; I. ii. 13.
Offer'd, attempted; V. i. 23.
——, about, of the value of; IV. iv. 17.
—— on; II. iii. 213.
Office me from, use your office to keep me from; V. ii. 65.
Official marks, tokens of office; II. iii. 146.
On, of (Folios 1, 2, "*one*"); I. ii. 4.
Once, once for all; II. iii. 1.
——, once when; II. iii. 16
One danger, (?) "constant source of danger" (Theobald, "*our*"); III. i. 288.
Only, sole; I. ix. 36.
On's, of his; I. iii. 70.
On't, of it; III. i. 152.
Ope, open; I. iv. 43.
Opinion, public opinion; I. i. 274.
Opposer, opponent; IV. iii. 36.
Opposite, opponent; II. ii. 22.
Orange-wife, woman who sells oranges; II. i. 72.
Ordinance, rank; III. ii. 12.
Osprey, the fishing hawk or eagle, supposed to have the power of fascinating fish (Folios, "*Aspray*"); IV. vii. 34.
Our, from us (Hanmer, "*their*"; Ingleby conj. "*for*"; Lettsom conj. "*a*"· Kinnear, "*as*"); III. i. 121.
Out, thoroughly, out and out; IV. v. 124.
Outdares, exceeds in bravery; I. iv. 53.
Out o' door, out of doors (Folio 1. "*out a doore*"); I. iii. 114.
Out of; "out of daily fortune," *i.e.* "in consequence of uninterrupted success"; IV. vii. 38.
Overta'en, come up with, equalled; I. ix. 19.
Owe, own; III. ii. 130.
Owe you, exposed you to; V. vi. 139.

Pack-saddle; II. i. 93. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a terra-cotta figure found at Moulins-sur-Allier, France.

Palates; "the greatest taste most p. theirs," the predominant taste savours most of theirs (Johnson, "*must palate*"); III. i. 104.
Paltering, equivocation, trifling; III. i. 58.
Parcel, part; IV. v. 225.
Parcels, portions; I. ii. 32.
Part, side; I. x. 7.
Parted, departed; V. vi. 73.
Participate = participating, I. i. 106.
Particular, personal; IV. v. 89.
——, private interest; IV. vii. 13.
——, personal relation; V. i. 3.
Particularize, specify, emphasize; I. i. 21.
Particulars: "by p.." one by one; II. iii. 48.

Party, side, part; I. i. 237.
Pass. pass by, neglect; II. ii. 142.
Past doubt, without doubt; II. iii. 263.
Patience; "by your p.," by your leave; I. iii. 78.
Pawn'd, pledged; V. vi. 21.
Penelope, the wife of Ulysses; I. ii. 92.
Pent, the sentence of being pent; III. iii. 89.
Perceive's, perceive his; II. ii. 159.
Peremptory, firmly resolved; III. i. 286.
Pestering, thronging; IV. vi. 7.
Physical, salutary; I. v. 19.
Pick, pitch; I. i. 203.
Piece, piece of money, coin; III. iii. 32.
——, add to; II. iii. 218.
Piercing, sharp, severe; (?) mortifying; I. i. 86.
Pikes, (i.) lances, spears, (ii.) pitchforks (used with play on both senses); I. i. 23.
Place; "his p.," *i.e.* the consulship; II. i. 158.
Please it, if it please; V. vi. 140.
Plebeii, plebeians (Rowe, "*plebeians*"); II. iii. 190.
Plot; "single p.," my own person, body; III. ii. 102.
Points, commands (as if given by a trumpet); IV. vi. 125.
Poison, destroy; V. ii. 89.
Poll, number, counted by heads (Folios, "*pole*"); III. i. 134.
Polled, bared, cleared (originally *cut the hair*); IV. v. 209.
Poorest, smallest; III. iii. 32.
Portance, bearing, demeanour; II. iii. 230.
Ports, gates; I. vii. 1.
Possessed, informed; II. i. 139.
Post, messenger; V. vi. 50.
Pot; "to the p.," to certain death; I. iv. 47.
Potch, poke; I. x. 15.
Pother, uproar; II. i. 226.
Pound up, shut up as in a pound; I. iv. 17.
Power, army, armed force; I. ii. 9.
Pow, wow, pooh, pooh; II. i. 150.
Practice, stratagem; IV. i. 33.
Prank them, deck themselves (used contemptuously); III. i. 23.
Precipitation, precipitousness; III. ii. 4.
Preparation, force ready for action; I. ii. 15.
Present, present time, opportunity; I. vi. 60.
——, immediate, instant; III. i. 212.
Presently, immediately, at once; IV. v. 223.
Press'd, impressed, forced into service; I. ii. 9.
Pretences, intentions; I. ii. 20.
Progeny, race; I. viii. 12.
Pronounce, pronounce the sentence; III. iii. 88.
Proof; "more p.," more capable of resistance; I. iv. 25.
Proper, own; I. ix. 57.
Properly, as my own personal matter; V. ii. 87.
Proud; "p. to be" = proud of being; I. i. 262.
Provand, provender (Pope, "*provender*"); II. i. 259.
Prove, put to the proof; I. vi. 62.
Puling, whining, whimpering; IV ii. 52.
Pupil age, pupilage, minority (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Pupil-age*"); II. ii. 101.
Purpose; "our p. to them," of announcing our intention to them (*i.e.* the people); II. ii. 155.
Put in hazard, risked; II. iii. 262.
Put upon, incited, urged; II. i. 264.
Put you to't, put you to the test; I. i. 232.
Put you to your fortune, reduce you to the necessity of making the chances of war; III. ii. 60.
Putting on, instigation; II. iii. 258.

Quaked, made to shudder; I. ix. 6.

Quarry, technically, game alive or dead; here, a heap of dead (a hunting term); I. i. 201.
Quarter'd, slaughtered; I. i. 202.
Quired, sang in harmony; III. ii. 113.

Rack'd, strained to the utmost; V. i. 16.
Rakes, (i.) instruments for raking, (ii.) good for nothing men (used with play on both senses of the word); I. i. 24.
Rapt, enraptured; IV. v. 119.
Rapture, fit; II. i. 215.
Rascal, originally, a lean and worthless deer; with play on both meanings of the word; I. i. 162.
Reason = "there is reason for it"; IV. v. 241.
——, argue for; V. iii. 176.
——, converse; I. ix. 58.
Reasons, arguments; V. vi. 59.
Receipt; "his r.," that which he received; I. i. 115.
Receive to heart, take to heart; IV iii. 22.
Reckless, thoughtless; III. i. 92.
Recommend, commit the task; II. ii. 154.
Rectorship, guidance; II. iii. 211.
Reechy, dirty (literally *smoky*); II. i. 217.
Reek, vapour; III. iii. 121.
Rejourn, adjourn; II. i. 73.
Remains, it remains; II. iii. 145.
Remove; "for the r.," to raise the siege; I. ii. 28.
Render, render up, give; I. ix. 34.
Repeal, recall from banishment; IV. vii. 32.
Repetition, utterance, mention; I. i. 47.
Report, reputation; II. i. 122.
——, "give him good r.," speak well of him; I. i. 33.
Request, asking the votes of the people; II. iii. 148.
Require, ask; II. ii. 159.

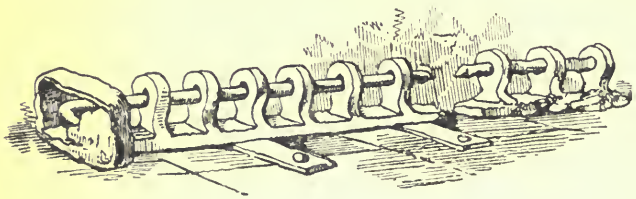
Rest, stay, IV. i. 39.
Restitution; "to hopeless r.," so that there were no hope of restitution; III. i. 16.
Retire, retreat; I. vi. (direc.).
Rheum, tears; V. vi. 46.
Ridges horsed, ridges of house-roofs with people sitting astride of them; II. i. 219.
Ripe aptness, perfect readiness; IV. iii. 23.
Road, inroad; III. i. 5.
Rome gates, the gates of Rome; IV. v. 208.
Roted, learned by rote; III. ii. 55.
Rub, impediment; a term taken from the game of bowls; III. i. 60.
Ruth, pity; I. i. 200.

Safe-guard; "on s.," under protection of a guard; III. i. 9.
Sat, if there sat; III. iii. 70.
Save you, *i.e.* God save you (a common form of salutation); IV. iv. 6.
Say, say on, speak; III. iii. 41.
Scabs, a term of extreme contempt; here used quibblingly; I. i. 169.
Scaling, weighing, comparing; II. iii. 255.
Scandal'd, defamed; III. i. 44.
Scarr'd, wounded; IV. v. 112.
Scorn him, disdain to allow him; III. i. 268.
Scotched, cut, hacked; IV. v. 192.
'Sdeath, a contraction of *God's death*, a favourite oath of Queen Elizabeth; I. i. 220.
Season'd, "established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use" (Johnson); "well-ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time" (Wright); "qualified, tempered" (Schmidt); III. iii. 64.
Seeking, request, demand; I. i. 191.
Seld-shown, seldom seen; II. i. 221.
Self; "Tarquin's self," Tarquin himself; II ii. 97.

Sennet, a particular set of notes played on the cornet or trumpet; II. i. 170.
Sensible, sensitive; I. iii. 89.
Sensibly, endowed with feeling; sensibility; I. iv. 53.
Servanted to, subject to; V. ii. 86.
Set down before 's, besiege us; I. ii. 28.
Set on, incited, instigated (? go on!); III. i. 58.
Set up the bloody-flag, *i.e.* declare war (a red flag was the signal for battle); II. i. 77.
Several, separate; IV. v. 125.
Sewing, embroidering; I. iii. 55.
Shall, shall go; III. i. 31.
Shall 's, shall we go; IV. vi. 148.
Shame, be ashamed; II. ii. 70.
Shent, reproved, rated; V. ii. 101
Shop, workshop; I. i. 136.
Should, would; II. iii. 25.
Show'd, would appear; IV. vi. 114.
Show'st, appearest; IV. v. 65.
Shrug, shrug the shoulders as not believing the story; I. ix. 4.
Shunless, not to be shunned or avoided; II. ii. 115.
Side, take sides with; I. i. 196.
Silence, silent one; II. i. 184.
Since that, since; III. ii. 50.
Single, insignificant, simple (used quibblingly); II. i. 37.
Singly, by a single person; II. ii. 90.
Singularity; "more than s.," *i.e.* independently of his own peculiar disposition; I. i. 281.
Sithence, since; III. i. 47.
Sits down, begins the siege; IV. vii. 28.
Slight, insignificant; V. ii. 106.
Slightness, trifling; III. i. 148.
Slip; "let s.," let loose (a hunting term); I. vi. 39.
Small, clear and high; III. ii. 114.
Smote, struck at; III. i. 319.
Soft, gentle; III. ii. 82.
Soldier (trisyllabic); I i. 119.
Solemness, gravity; I. iii. 114.
So made on, made so much of; IV. v. 197.
So many so, as many as are so; I. vi. 73.
Some certain, some; II. iii. 59.
Something, somewhat; II. i. 49.
Sometime, at one time, formerly; III. i. 115.
Sooth'd, flattered; II. ii. 76.
Soothing, flattery; I. ix. 44.
——, flattering; III. i. 69.
Sort, manner; I. iii. 2.
South; "all the contagion of the s. light on you," the south was regarded as the quarter from which diseases and noxious vapours came"; I. iv. 30.
Sowl, pull by the ears; IV. v. 207.
Speak, proclaim themselves; III. ii. 41.
Speed, turn out; V. i. 61.
Spices, samples; IV. vii. 46.
Spirit (monosyllabic); II. i. 169.
Spot, figure, pattern; I. iii. 56.
Spritely, lively; IV. v. 231.
Stain, eclipse; I. x. 18.
Stale't, make it stale (Folios, "*scale't*"); I. i. 95.
Stamp'd, given the impress of truth to; V. ii. 22.
Stand, stop; V. vi. 128.
Stand to, uphold; III. i. 208.
——, stand by; V. iii. 199.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ix. 39.
Stand with, be consistent with; II. iii. 90.
State, government; IV. iii. 11.
Stay upon, wait but for; V. iv. 8.
Steep Tarpeian death, death by being hurled from the high Tarpeian rock; III. iii. 88.
Stem, the forepart of a ship; II. ii. 110;
Sticks on, is fixed on like an ornament; I. i. 274.
Stiff, obstinate (perhaps=unable to move; I. i. 244.
Still, always, constantly; II. i. 254.

Stitchery, stitching, needlework ; I. iii. 73.

Stocks. (The specimen here engraved was discovered at Pompeii, and is now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples); V. iii. 160.



Stocks.

Stood, stood up in defence of; IV vi. 45.

Stood to't, made a stand, stood firm ; IV. vi. 10.

Store ; "good store," good quantity ; I. ix. 32.

Stout, proud ; III. ii. 78.

Stoutness, pride ; III. ii. 127.

Straight, straightway, immediately ; II. ii. 119.

Stretch it out, extending its power to the utmost ; II. ii. 54.

Stride, bestride ; I. ix. 71.

Strucken, struck ; IV. v. 152.

Stuck, hesitated ; II. iii. 17.

Subdues, subjects him to punishment ; I. i. 179.

Subtle, smooth and deceptive ; V. ii. 20.

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground. From Strutt's copy of an illumination in a *Book of Prayers* belonging to Douce.

Sudden, hasty ; II. iii. 257.

Sufferance, suffering ; I i. 22.

——, endurance ; "against all noble s.," beyond the endurance of the nobility ; III. i. 24.

Suggest, prompt ; II. i. 253.

Summon the town, i.e. to surrender ; I. iv. 7.

Surcease, cease ; III. ii. 121.

Surer ; "no s," no more to be depended upon ; I. i. 175.

Surety, be sureties for ; III. i. 178

Sway, bear sway ; II. i. 212.

Swifter composition, making terms more quickly ; III. i. 3.

Sworn brother ; people who had taken an oath to share each other's fortunes were called *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers ; II. iii. 100.

Tabor, a small drum of mediæval origin, usually strapped upon the left arm between wrist and elbow and beaten by the right hand ; I. vi. 25. (*Cp.* illustration).

From a XIVth cent. MS. in the National Library, Paris.

Ta'en forth, chosen, selected; I. ix. 34.
Ta'en note, noticed; IV. ii. 10.
Tag, rabble; III. i. 248.
Taints, infects; IV. vii. 38.
Take in, subdue, capture; I. ii. 24.
Take up, cope with; III. i. 244.
Taken well, interviewed at a favourable time; V. i. 50.
Tame, ineffectual; IV. vi. 2.
Target, a small shield; IV. v. 123.
Tauntingly, mockingly, disparagingly (Folio 1, "*taintingly*"; Folios 2, 3, "*tantingly*"); I. i. 113.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; III. iii. 28.
Tent, probe; I. ix. 31.
——, probe (verb); III. i. 236.
——, tent, encamp; III. ii. 116.
Tetter, infect with tetter, *i.e.* eruption on the skin; III. i. 79.
Than those, than she is to those; I. v. 25.
That's, that has; II. ii. 82.
That's off, that is nothing to the purpose; II. ii. 63.
Thread, file through singly; III. i. 124.
Tiber, figurative for water; II. i. 49.
Tiger-footed, tiger-like, "hastening to seize its prey"); III. i. 312.
Time, immediate present; present time; II. i. 277.
——, "the t.," *i.e.* the age in which one lives; IV. vii. 50.
'Tis right, it is true, it is just as you say; II. i. 244.
To, according to; I. iv. 57.
——, compared to; II. i. 121
——, against; IV. v. 130.
——, "to his mother"=for his mother; V. iii. 178.
Told, foretold; I. i. 230.
Took, took effect, told; II. ii. 111.
To's power, to the utmost of his ability, as far as lay in his power; II. i. 254.
To't, upon it; IV. ii. 48.
Touch'd, tested, as metal is tested by the touchstone; II. iii. 197.
Traducement, calumny; I. ix. 22.
Traitor, "their t.," a traitor to them; III. iii. 69.
Translate, transform; II. iii. 195.
Transport, bear, carry; II. i. 232.
Treaty, proposal tending to an agreement; II. ii. 58.
Trick, trifle; IV. iv. 21.
Triton, Neptune's trumpeter; III. i. 89.
Troth; "o' my t.," on my word (a slight oath); I. iii. 62.
——, faith, IV. ii. 49.
——, truth; IV. v 192.
True purchasing, honest earning; II. i. 148.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. v. 4, 5.
Tuns, large casks; IV. v. 102.
Turn, put; III. i. 284.
Twin, are like twins; IV. iv. 15.

Unactive, inactive; I. i. 101.
Unbarb'd sconce, unarmed, bare, head (*sconce*, used contemptuously; Becket conj. "*imbarbed*"; Nicholson conj. "*embarbed*"); III. ii. 99.
Unborn; "all cause u.," no cause existing; III. i. 129.
Undercrest, wear as on a crest; I. ix. 72.
Under fiends, fiends of hell; IV. v. 95.
Ungravely, without dignity; II. iii. 231.
Unhearts, disheartens; V. i. 49.
Unlike, unlikely; III. i. 48.
Unmeriting, as undeserving; II. i. 43.
Unproperly, improperly; V. iii. 54.
Unscann'd, inconsiderate; III. i. 313.
Unseparable, inseparable; IV. iv. 16.
Unsever'd, inseparable; III. ii. 42.
Upon, laid upon; III. ii. 141.
——, on account of, in consequence of; II. i. 236.
——, against; III. iii. 47.
Used; "as 'twas used," as they used to do; III. i. 114.
Ushers, forerunners; II. i. 167.

Vail, let fall, lower; III. i. 98.
Vantage, advantage, benefit; I. i. 163.

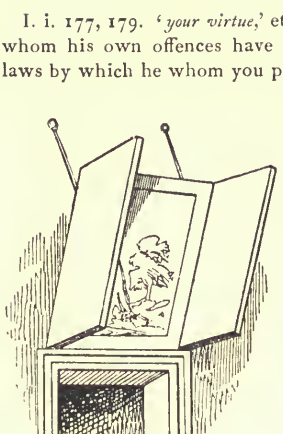
Vantage; "v. of his anger," *i.e.* the favourable opportunity which his anger will afford; II. iii. 266.
Variable, various, all kinds; II. i. 220.
Vaward, vanguard; I. vi. 53.
Vent, get rid of; I. i. 228.
——; "full of v.," keenly excited, full of pluck and courage (a hunting term); IV. v. 232.
Verified, supported the credit of (or spoken the truth of); V. ii. 17.
Vexation, anger, mortification; III. iii. 140.
Viand, food; I. i. 102.
Virginal, maidenly; V. ii. 44.
Virgin'd it, been as a virgin; V. iii. 48.
Virtue, valour, bravery; I. i. 41.
Voice, vote (verb); II. iii. 240.
Voices, votes; II. ii. 143.
'Voided; avoided (Folios "*voided*"); IV. v. 85.
Vouches, attestations; II. iii. 122.
Vulgar station, standing room among the crowd; II. i. 223.

Wail, bewail; IV. i. 26.
Want, am wanting in; I. iii. 85.
Warm at 's heart, *i.e.* he is gratified; II. iii. 148.
Warrant, measures; III. i. 276.
War's garland, laurel wreath, the emblem of glory; I. ix. 60.
Watch'd, kept guard; II. iii. 132.
Waved, would waver; II. ii. 18.
Waving, bowing; III. ii. 77.
Waxed, grew, threw (Folio 2, "*wated*"; Folios 3, 4, "*waited*"); II. ii. 103.
Weal, good, welfare; I. i. 154.
——, commonwealth; II. iii. 187.
Wealsmen, statesmen; II. i. 55.
Weeds, garments; II. iii. 159.
Well-found, fortunately met with; II. ii. 47.
What, why; III. i. 317.
——, exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 14.
Wheel, make a circuit; I. vi. 19.
Where, whereas; I. i. 103.
Where against, against which; IV. v. 110.
Which, who; I. i. 191.
Whither (monosyllabic); IV. i. 34.
Who, he who; I. i. 179.
——, whom; II. i. 7.
——, which; III. ii. 119.
Wholesome, suitable, reasonable; II. iii. 66.
Whom, which; I. i. 267.
Wills; "as our good w.," according to our best efforts; II. i. 250.
Wind, advance indirectly, insinuate; III. iii. 65.
Win upon, gain advantage, get the better of (Grant White conj. "*win open*"); I. i. 223.
With, by; III. iii. 7.
Withal, with; III. i. 141.
With us, as we shall take advantage of it; III. iii. 30.
Wives, women; IV. iv. 5.
Woollen, coarsely clad; III. ii. 9.
Woolvish toge; "rough hirsute gown" (Johnson); *v.* Note; II. iii. 120.
Word, pass-word, watch-word; III. ii. 142.
Worn, worn out; III. i. 6.
Worship, dignity, authority; III. i. 141.
Worst in blood, in the worst condition; I. i. 162.
Worth; "his w. of contradiction," "his full quota or proportion of contradiction" (Malone); III. iii. 26.
Worthy; "is w. of," is deserving of, deserves; III. i. 211.
——, justifiable; III. i. 241.
Wot, know; IV. v. 167.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. v. 88.
Wrench up, screw up, exert; I. viii. 11.

Yield, grant; II. ii. 57.
You may, you may, go on, poke your fun at me; II. iii. 39.
Youngly, young; II. iii. 242.

Notes.

I. i. 177, 179. '*your virtue*,' etc.; "your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson).



I. iii. 12. '*Picture-like to hang by the wall*.' "Ancient wall pictures were usually paintings in fresco . . . but the Pompeian wall-paintings furnish us with the annexed curious example of a portable picture (protected by folding leaves) placed over a door, and inclining forward by means of strings secured to rings after the fashion of those in our own houses."

I. iii. 16. '*bound with oak*,' as a mark of honour for saving the life of a citizen.

I. iii. 46. '*At Grecian sword, contemning*,' etc.; Folio 1 reads 'At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*,' etc.; the reading in the text is substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; perhaps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the omission of the comma.

I. iv. 14. '*that fears you less*'; Johnson conj. '*but fears you less*'; Johnson and Capell conj. '*that fears you more*'; Schmidt, '*that fears you,—less*.' The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in '*nor*' and '*less*.'

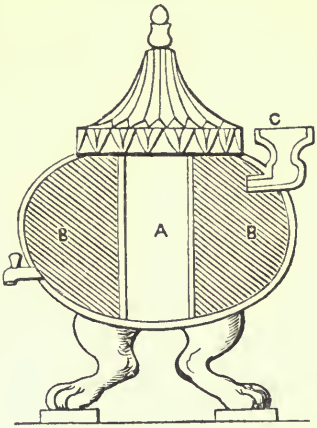
I. iv. 31. '*you herd of—Boils*,' Johnson's emendation. Folios 1, 2, '*you Heard of Byles*'; Folios 3, 4, '*you Herd of Biles*'; Rowe, '*you herds of biles*'; Pope (ed. 1), '*you herds; of boils*'; Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, '*you! herds of boils*'; Collier MS., '*unheard of boils*'; etc., etc.

I. iv. 42. '*trenches followed*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*trenches followes*'; Collier (ed. 1), '*trenches follow*'; (ed. 2), '*trenches. Follow!*'; Dyce, Lettsom conj. '*trenches: follow me*'; etc.

I. iv. 57. '*Cato's*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Calues*' and '*Calves*'; Rowe, '*Calvus*.'

I. vi. 6. '*ye*'; Folios, '*the*.'

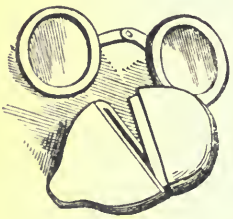
I. vi. 76. Folios, '*O, me alone! make you a sword of me?*'; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clarke's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."



I ix 41-53. The chief departure from the folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of '*coverture*' for '*overture*,' as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; '*him*' is seemingly used here instead of the neuter '*it*.'

II. i. 52. '*A cup of hot wine.*' *Cp.* the subjoined drawing of an urn discovered at Pompeii. *A* is a cylindrical furnace, *B B* spaces for holding the liquor to be warmed. This is poured in at *C*, and drawn out by a cock on the other side.

II. i. 221-2. '*the bleared sights are spectacled to see him.*' Spectacles were not known till the XIVth century. An early form of them may be seen in the subjoined cut copied from a painting dated 1490.



II. i. 233. '*end*,' *i.e.* to where he should end.

II. i. 263. '*touch*,' Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*teach*'; Theobald, '*reach.*'

II. iii. 63-64. '*virtues Which our divines lose by 'em*,' *i.e.* 'which our divines preach to men in vain'; but the line is possibly corrupt.

II. iii. 120. '*woolvish toge*'; Steevens' conj., adopted by Malone; Folio 1 reads '*Wooluish tongue*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Woolvish gowne*'; Capell, '*wolfish gown*'; Mason conj. '*woollen gown*,' or '*foolish gown*'; Beckett conj. '*woolish gown*'; Steevens' conj '*woolvish tongue*'; Grant White conj. '*foolish togue*'; Clarke (*?*) '*wool'nish*,' *i.e.* '*woolenish.*'

II. iii. 249-251. *vide* Preface

III. i. 93. '*Hydra here*'; *i.e.* 'the many-headed multitude'; so Folio 2.

III. i. 98-101. *i.e.* "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke).

III. i. 230 '*your*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*our.*'

III. ii. 21. '*thwartings of*'; Theobald's reading; Folios, '*things of*'; Rowe, '*things that thwart*'; Wright conj. '*things that cross.*'

III. ii. 32. '*to the herd*'; Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*to the heart*'; Collier MS., '*o' th' heart*'; etc.

III. ii. 56. '*though but bastards and syllables*'; Capell, '*but bastards*'; Seymour conj. '*although but bastards, syllables*'; Badham conj. '*thought's bastards, and but syllables.*'

III. ii. 64. '*I am in this*'; Warburton, 'In this advice I speak as your wife, your son,' etc.

III. ii. 69. "*that want,*' *i.e.* the want of that inheritance.

III. ii. 78. '*Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart*'; Johnson, '*With often,* etc.; Capell, '*And often*'; Staunton conj. '*While often*'; Nicholson conj. '*Whiles-often*'; Warburton, '*Which soften.*'

III. iii. 35. '*among's,*' *i.e.* among us; Folio 1, '*amongs*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*amongst you*'; Pope, '*amongst you*'; Capell, '*among us.*'

III. iii. 36. '*throng,*' Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Folios, '*Through.*'

III. iii. 55. '*accents,*' Theobald's correction of Folios, '*actions.*'

III. iii. 130. '*not*'; Capell's correction of Folios, '*but.*'

IV. i. 7-9. '*fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning*'; *i.e* "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope, '*gently warded*'; Hanmer, '*greatly warded*'; Collier MS., '*gentle-minded.*'

IV. iv. 23. '*My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon*'; Capell's emendation. Folio 1 reads, '*My Birth-place have I, and my loues upon*'; Folios 2, 3, '*My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon*'; Folio 4, '*My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon*'; Pope, '*My birth-place have I and my lovers left*'; Becket conj. '*My country have I and my lovers lost,*' etc.

IV. v. 63. '*appearance*'; Folio 1, '*apparance*' (probably the recognised form of the word, representing the pronunciation at the time).

IV. vii. 51-53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect:—"Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.

IV. vii. 55. '*falter,*' Dyce's ingenious reading; the Camb. ed. following Folios '*fouler.*'

V. i. 69. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (1.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that

Coriolanus was bound by an oath as *to what he would not*, unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

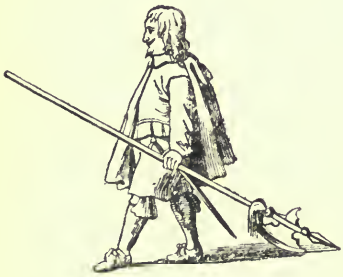
"*What he would not,*
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.

V. ii 77 '*your*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, '*our.*'

V. ii. 86-88. '*though I owe My revenge properly,*' *i.e.* 'though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians.'

V. vi. 152. '*Trail your steel pikes*'; a mode of showing honour pertaining to the Shakespearian rather than to the classic era. The subjoined illustration is copied from a plate in a volume descriptive of the funeral ceremony of the Prince of Orange at Delft, 1647



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